The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL / NEW SERIES, XVI. | CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1883. | NO. 48

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

It was the Philadelphia vote that saved the Republicans by the skin of their teeth. That city gave Livsey, Radical for State Treasurer, a majority of 21,994, and Niles for Auditor General, 20,667, while the majority for the former in the State is only 19,886 and for the latter 16,726. The State is therefore Democratic by from two to three thousand, but is swamped by the ballot box stuffers in "the city of brotherly love." The same love the wolf in the fable had for the lamb.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co. have sent us their blank for 1884. Should send it to the fellow down at Millheim who has been attending to that part of our business. "There is a witch at Endor."

As regards Mr. Tilden's candidacy for president, the N. Y. *Sun* says: There can be no question that if Mr. Tilden were in a situation to accept the nomination next year, he would be nominated by acclamation; and then the following election would be substantially on one side. No matter who the Republican candidate might be, Mr. Tilden's majority would even exceed that three-fourths of the whole number of voters which he has repeatedly declared to be necessary in order to carry through the election of any Democratic candidate.

But those who indulge in this line of thought must be reminded, and very positively and earnestly reminded, that they are speculating upon an impossibility. Devoted as he is to the welfare of the Democracy, and still anxious to render every possible service to the people, there are no circumstances under which Mr. Tilden can be induced to accept this nomination.

The Bellefonte *Republican* last week had up a gun and rooster to crow over the splendid Democratic victory in New York. Well, we are glad Tute takes the wholloping so good naturedly—reason: he has to.

War between China and France is inevitable. It is a matter of regret that it could not be averted. War will retard the progress of Chinese civilization, which has been proceeding rapidly under European influences during the last few years. It will renew the antipathy of the Chinese toward foreigners, and make it unpleasant, if not dangerous, for European and American residents there.

At Pittsburg, the other day, at the meeting of the Western Nail Association, a general suspension of nail machines was ordered for a period of five weeks, beginning December 22 and ending February 4. This measure has been under consideration for many months, during which time there has been no improvement in the condition of the trade. Stocks are low and ill-assorted, and the demand is only fair. No change was made in the card rate.

The announcement has been made that all the manufacturers of barbed wire of Joliet, Illinois, will shortly remove their factories to Missouri and other western points within the jurisdiction of Judge Treat, whose recent decision in St. Louis declaring the Washburn patents invalid, will protect all manufacturers there from interference and payment of the royalty. This will result in thowing out of employment between 500 and 1,000 workmen.

It is the opinion of the REPORTER that the "signs of the times" look to the nomination of the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks—its wonderful how a Republican scares at the mention of this fact.

Congress meets on the first Monday of December. Mr. Randall is confident of being elected speaker. Cox, of N. Y., and Carlisle, of Kentucky, are also candidates for speaker and confident of success.

The resignation of Judge Orvis is generally regretted. He was an honor to the Pennsylvania judiciary and looked upon as the foremost of our legal minds. There are few, if any, his superior in legal ability. He is a most logical speaker and talks with remarkable readiness and ease, and logic flows from his tongue as water from the spring. In our criminal courts Judge Orvis was a terror to evil doers, and his severe sentences had a very wholesome effect in checking crime in this judicial district, for which alone he will deserve the gratitude of every good citizen.

By paying the REPORTER one year in advance and sending us a new name with a year's pay in advance, we will send each the "Chicago Weekly News" free one year as a premium. A splendid chance to get a good western paper free.

THE STATES FOR 1884.

Twelve states voted in October and November thus closing out the elections for 1883. Six of those states voted for the Democrats, viz: Ohio, Virginia, Mississippi, Maryland, New Jersey and New York. These states are entitled to 87 Electors. The other six states, viz: Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Nebraska and Iowa are entitled to 75 electors, voted for the Radicals. But to give the reader a bird's eye view of the party result in 1883, we give the names of all the states, together with the number of electors to which each state is entitled under the new Electoral College, viz:

DEMOCRATIC.		REPUBLICAN.	
Ohio	23	New Hampshire	4
Texas	13	Massachusetts	14
Nevada	3	Connecticut	6
Florida	4	Pennsylvania	30
Georgia	12	Rhode Island	4
Oregon	3	Minnesota	7
Virginia	12	Wisconsin	11
Alabama	10	Colorado	3
Indiana	15	Nebraska	5
Missouri	16	Vermont	4
Arkansas	7	Michigan	13
Louisiana	8	Illinois	22
Delaware	3	Kansas	9
Kentucky	13	Maine	6
Mississippi	9	Iowa	13
Maryland	8		
Tennessee	12		
California	8		
New York	36		
New Jersey	9		
West Viaginia	6		
South Calolina	9		
North Carolina	11		
	250		151

It will be observed from the foregoing that the Democrats have a majority of 99 in the Electoral College, but if Dorsey, Brady & Co. would steal Indiana and New York, as they did in 1880, the election would go against us, because that would give our opponents 202 Electors, one more than they would need. However we do not think they will purchase those states again. But President Arthur and the Post Masters and Revenue agents were pooling their interests with Gen. Mahone, to steal Virginia. And they had the scheme well under way, but the people on the 6th instant "busted up" the scheme and "the government" must turn its attention to some other state for 1884.

The New York *Sun* puts up Holman and Hewitt for the 1884 ticket.

The awards of contracts on the Harrisburg and Western railroad for the tunnels known to be let, for which proposals were received some time ago, are as follows:

The Allegheny mountain tunnel was given to Charles McFadden, jr., of Philadelphia. Work for clearing the approaches was to begin immediately. The Sidling hill tunnel was awarded to Rogers & O'brien, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. This is the longest tunnel on the road, its length being 6,650 feet. The Ray's hill tunnel was given to M'Mahon, Shanahan & Green, of Virginia. This tunnel is 3,620 feet long. Active work on the two last named tunnels has already begun.

There is at last a settled confidence that the Southern Pennsylvania, or Harrisburg and Western, or the Vanderbilt line, by whichever name it may be called, is a fixed matter and that the road will be pushed to an early completion.

The Middleburg *Post* has an idea the REPORTER'S rooster should not have been out the week of the election. We had him to crow over a republican majority in this state reduced from the old figures of 40,000, to 16,000. We had him to crow over the wiping out of boss Mahone and the gain of a U. S. Senator in Virginia. We had him crow over splendid Victories in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Mississippi and so on. The Republican rooster, you see, had nothing to crow over, and if he comes out, he's so miserable that the skunks will catch him and eat him.

No intelligent reader can fail to be interested in the contents of the "North American Review" for December. The question of the telegraph has the place of honor in the number, Gardiner G. Hubbard pointing out the great advantages that would result from the proposed "Governmental Control of the Telegraph" and showing from the experience of several European countries the benefits to be derived from the incorporation of the telegraphic with the postal service. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University, shows the "Evils of the Sub-Treasury System," in its absorbing and withholding from circulation the specie that is constantly needed to insure stability in the world of finance." "The Day of Judgment," by Gail Hamilton, is a caustic review of the less amiable moral traits of Thomas Carlyle. Henry George writes of "Overproduction," an idea which he declares to be preposterous, unless more wealth is produced than is wanted. Gen. W. B. Franklin sets forth the news of naval and military experts as to what is absolutely needed, in the way of organization, forts, ships and war material, to insure the "National Defense." An article on "Railroad and Public Time," by Prof. Leonard Waldo, of the Yale College observatory, explains the system of uniform time standards now being introduced into railroad service of the United States. Finally there is a discussion of the question of "Morality without Religion," by F. A. Kider and Prof. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton College. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

The appointment of Mr. Hoy as President Judge of this district meets with general approbation. He is a good lawyer, with many years of experience, in all of which time Mr. Hoy has maintained his integrity and never been guilty of pettyfogging or helping a client in fraud or rascality simply to get a case or fee, which is too often the case with lawyers of the third-rate caliber. He has been an honorable member of his profession, and we believe he will maintain his integrity as a judge. There is one thing in which the people generally express the wish that he may pattern after his predecessor, Judge Orvis, and that is in not being lenient with the rascals.

All the members of the bar, with the exception of two or three, favored Judge Hoy's appointment, a compliment of which he may well feel proud.

THE DEMOCRATIC COLUMN.

OHIO.
TEXAS.
NEVADA.
FLORIDA.
GEORGIA.
OREGON.
VIRGINIA.
ALABAMA.
INDIANA.
MISSOURI.
ARKANSAS.
LOUSIANA.
DELAWARE.
KENTUCKY.
MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.
TENNESSEE.
CALIFORNIA.
NEW YORK.
NEW JERSEY.
WEST VIRGINIA.
SOUTH CAROLINA.
NORTH CAROLINA.

Twenty-three States, with 250 electoral votes. Necessary to a choice, 201.

Republican Column.

NEW RAMPSHIRE.
MASSACHUSETTS.
CONNECTICUT.
PENNSYLVANIA.
RHODE ISLAND.
MINNESOTA.
WISCONSIN.
COLORADO.
NEBRASKA.
VERMONT
MICHIGAN.
ILLINOIS.
KANSAS.
MAINE.
IOWA.

Fifteen States, with 151 electoral votes.

"Butler Buried Beyond Redemption," is the demoniacal head-line screech of one of our partially esteemed Republican contemporaries. It is evident that some people are not acquainted with the wonderful recuperative powers of Ben Butler. Some 25 years ago, as Benjamin was passing along Washington street, in Boston, a large five-story granite front building fell on him. He arose from the debris, wiped his eyes with a silk handkerchief, and remarked to some of the bystanders: "The dust in these streets is perfectly awful; more attention should be paid to sprinkling." With this he passed around the corner and disappeared. That was a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Butler was more buoyant and elastic than now. But he is a tough, malleable citizen yet.

West Lebanon, Indiana county, was the scene, on Saturday evening, 10, of a brutal double murder. Wm. Samer, an old and respected citizen, had an altercation with his son Joseph about putting a kitten out of the house, when the son drew a revolver and shot his father in the hip. The old man then fled but, was followed by his son, who fired a second shot, the bullet crashing through the father's brain, killing him instantly. The parricide then returned home and killed Bella Kelly, a servant girl. He then fled but was captured.

As a purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly. A single bottle will prove its merits. Many thousands of people are yearly saved from dangerous fevers by the exercise of a little care in properly cleansing the system by the use of this remedy.

——From 12 o'clock noon last Sunday, the standard time on the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading railroads will be that based upon the seventy-fifth meridian of west longitude. This is in accordance with the rule adopted at a recent railroad convention, making but four standard times throughout the United States, to be adopted by all or nearly all the railroads of the country. The change made in the time here is insignficant, being merely one minute and three seconds—that is the railroad clocks were set forward one minute and three seconds.

Silk velvet plushes, largest stock and lowest price, at the Beehive. 2

Secretary Folger will probably issue an additional call for three per cent. bonds in a day or so.

The examination of Lieut. Garlington was concluded before the Proteus court of inquiry. No new facts were elicited.

Friday, November 16.

The Feaurdent di Cesnola libel suit was continued in New York, but nothing new was brought out.

The compulsory shaving regulation in the British army has been abolished by order of the war department.

The sum of $150,000 has been raised in Boston for erecting a general Unitarian building in that city.

The suit of the victims of the Brooklyn bridge disaster last decoration day was commenced yesterday in New York.

PIPER'S SON JOHN.

Losing a Bet on Him, His Father Hangs Himself.

PIPERVILLE, Pa., Nov. 16.—Cyrus Piper, better known as "Stonewall" Piper, lived in this place for over eighty years. He was famous the country round for his skill in laying stone wall. He frequently boasted that he had "Pinted up" more than 3,000 miles of wall, some of it over thirty years old, and he never had a rod of it to fall down. Some of the wall he has laid in this neighborhood is three feet in width at the top, and, although made of stones of all sizes and shapes, and without the aid of a plumb bob or straight eye, is as symmetrical as the work of the best stone mason, with the help of mortar, hewn stone, and all appliances of the trade. Piper had a son twenty years old, and it was his ambition that he should become as expert a wall layer as himself. He trained him to this end, and was so well satisfied with the results of his teachings that he accepted a wager of forty bushels of potatoes, made by a neighbor, that John could not lay a rod of stone wall as well nor as quickly as a young man named Joshua Quinn. The trial came off on Monday last on the "new lot" of a farmer named Springer. The man who bet against Piper's son selected Piper himself and Farmer Springer as the judges. Young Piper completed his wall fifteen seconds ahead of Quinn. The judges then examined the merit of the work, and united in giving the palm to Quinn. This was a great blow to old man Piper. He brooded over it and talked about nothing else. On Tuesday afternoon he was found hanging from a beam in his barn, dead. A piece of paper was found in a feed box near by. On it, in the old man's handwriting, were these words:

"John: Go hire out to somebody and tend sheep."

A TALK WITH MR. RANDALL.

He Discusses His Chances—Disputing Carlisle's Claim.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 15—A Times reporter found ex-Speaker Randall at his country home at Berwyn, resting from his campaign labors and leisurely preparing for the transfer of the headquarters to Washington, where he will go on Saturday.

"Did you see Mr. Carlisle's claim?" Mr. Randall was asked.

"I did."

"What do you think of it?"

"He is over sanguine. The recent elections have not strengthened his canvass, but have much strengthened mine."

"What have you to say as to your expectations?"

"I have to say that my estimates differ from his. He concedes me sixty votes. I believe I shall have eighiy five to ninety on the first ballot and a nomination on the second, produced by large accessions from New York and from other quarters of members who will vote for Mr. Cox on the first ballot as a compliment."

"How do you divide the votes remaining between candidates in opposition to you?"

"That somewhat depends whether Mr. Springer is or is not a candidate. If a candidate he may have ten votes—not over. Between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cox, the former has what is equivalent to three out of every four."

"Will the session be a long or short one?"

"It ought to close on May 1, or sooner, and let the business of the country be secure from agitation and doubt."

"Will the tariff be agitated?"

"I prefer to express no opinion now as to the details of the legislation that is probable."

Trouble in a Normal College.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 14.—Troubles of a very serious nature have sprung up between the management and pupils of the state normal college, and the state board of education has been appealed to to settle the difficulty. A majority of the male members of the junior and senior classes became dissatisfied with Chancellor Stearns' management of the college, declaring that certain branches not enumerated in the catalogue to be studied are taught, and that they are charged too much for the use of books. The students prepared two memorials to the state board of education and asked to have them read before that body. They set forth the dissatisfaction of the students. The board heard the memorials and requested Dr. Stearns to answer the charges made. Dr. Stearns is at present absent from the city and it is thought he is now in consultation with the board of trustees of the Peabody fund at Baltimore.

Sad Ending of a Bridal Tour.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Nov. 12.—On October 16 Mr. J. A. Covington and Miss Florence E. Smith, who live two miles north of Box Springs, Talbot county, were married, and shortly after the ceremony left for the Louisville exposition and other points of interest in the west on a bridal tour. After a pleasant trip they returned home last Saturday. Last Sunday week Mr. Covington was attacked with chills and symptoms of a bad cold. On Tuesday a few pimples appeared on his face which increased with each day. On Friday morning Dr. Smith was called in and found his patient suffering from a well developed case of smallpox. A nurse was sent for and the sick man was placed in an isolated house, which is strictly guarded, but the greatest excitement prevails in the community, as the young couple have been visited by nearly all their neighbors since their return, and none of the callers feel safe from the terrible disease.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Monday, November 12.

Martin Luther services were held yesterday in nearly all the principal cities in this country.

The body of the burglar who was shot by Mr. Choate, at Newark, N. J., last Saturday has not yet been identified.

The greater part of the business portion of Bluffton, Texas, was burned on Saturday afternoon. The fire was of incendiary origin. The losses are heavy.

Ex-Judge E. Darwin Smith died at Rochester, N. Y., yesterday from apoplexy. He was 77 years old and had been a prominent man in that city since 1824.

Tuesday, November 13.

The empress of Austria is seriously indisposed.

Policeman Conroy, who brutally shot and clubbed Peter Keenan in New York on the 3d inst., has been indicted for murder in the first degree.

Mrs. John W. Garrett, wife of the railroad magnate of Baltimore, who was thrown from a carriage several weeks ago and severely injured, is at the point of death and her end is momentarily expected.

An agent of the Bennett cable has been examining the shore at Brockport, Mass., and it is stated on good authority that it is decided to locate the terminus at a spot called Loblolly at the south end of the town.

Wednesday, November 14.

Joseph Poole will again be brought up for trial on Monday next.

Dr. J. Marion Sims, the eminent obstetric physician, died in New York of heart disease.

John F. Fleming, of the notorious swindling concern of Fleming & Merriam, Chicago, has been arrested in Bismarck.

The American prelates now in Rome have held a conference on the best means of preserving church discipline in the United States.

It is rumored that the London custom house officials have seized several packages of explosives consigned from Adelaide, Australia, to London.

The effects of the "Devil's Auction" company were levied on at Chicago for $700 due Ella Stockton, an actress of the company. A seizure of the goods was made.

Tanford, the confidence man, was tried before the court of queen's bench at Montreal for forging a check for $100. He was found guilty and sentence was deferred.

Sir Charles Dilke is engaged in personally inspecting the slums of London, with a view to ascertaining the actual condition of the poorer classes and their needs in the way of remedial legislation.

Thursday, November 15.

Matthew Arnold lectured in Hartford, Conn., on "Literature and Science."

A NICE YOUNG MAN.

With a Tendency to Acquire Other People's Property.

Representing Himself as a Medical Student and the Heir to Millions He Easily Finds Victims to Believe in Him.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Another picture has been added to the rogue's gallery at the police central office. It represents an elegantly dressed young man named Frank Arborn, who is under arrest on a charge of grand larceny. For five years Arborn has mingled in good society in New York and other cities. By a remarkably good address and a wonderful assurance he managed to ingratiate himself into many wealthy families. He has boarded in aristocratic boarding houses, gaining admission by excellent references. He always represented himself as a college student. Five weeks ago he obtained admittance to Miss Helen McNeill's boarding house at 133 Fifth avenue. During the spring he had visited a wealthy gentleman who stopped there, and then made a good impression by his pleasing manners. He said that he was studying at the college of Physicians and Surgeons. Not long after his arrival articles of jewelry and wearing apparel disappeared from the rooms of several of the boarders, and several articles of clothing ware taken from Miss McNeill's wardrobe. On Thursday afternoon Capt. Williams' attention was called to the losses, and he sent Detective Price to investigate. Detective Price suspected Arborn, but the people in the house scouted the idea. The detective opened Arborn's trunk and found there a silk basque and a cloak belonging to Miss McNeill. In addition there was a bunch of skeleton keys. Arborn was not in the house, and nobody seemed to want him arrested. The detective got his description and watched the front door. At dusk Arborn came along and ran up the steps with a springy gait. Price was not sure of his man, so he approached and said: "Mr. Arborn, there is a gentleman waiting for you on the corner." Arborn asked which corner, and Price arrested him.

The last time that Arborn was arrested in this city was in the fall of 1881, for complicity in obtaining goods in the preceding August under false pretences from Francis O'Neill, the shoe dealer of 1170 Broadway; F. M. & W. Ward, men's furnishing goods, of 862 Broadway, and Younman, the New York hotel hatter. His companion was Manson Pell Helmbold, the son of Henry T. Helmbold, the druggist. Arborn made Helmbold a cat's paw. He met him in Long Branch, where Arborn, as usual, was visiting among wealthy people, and induced him to start on a visit to Arborn's uncle, who, he said, lived on Long Island. Arborn in Long Branch said he had much money, and that he would some day be heir to his uncle's millions. When they reached this city Arborn said that he was short of money. They stopped at three fashionable boarding houses, at each of which they had goods sent C. O. D. While the messengers were waiting they left the houses. On August 19 Helmbold was arrested in a pawn shop, where Arborn sent him to raise money on the stolen goods. He was held to the grand jury, but the case never came to trial. Arborn, when arrested several months later, was taken to the district attorney's office. He was not prosecuted, because the case against young Helmbold had been pigeonholed. Arborn in the latter part of 1880 went to Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of a wealthy young lady who was engaged to be married to a young Philadelphian. Arborn came suddenly back to this city, where he was followed by the Philadelphian, who searched for him with a revolver. He was arrested, but the case fell through. On April 6, 1880, he was arrested on the complaint of a well known French resident of this city for trying to entice his fifteen year old daughter from her home. Arborn met the young lady in a fashionable church and obtained a great influence over her. He also escaped punishment in this case. The police suspect him of being the man who not long ago victimized Mrs. Weatherby of 17 East Twenty-sixth street, by bogus letters of reference and representations regarding his alleged millionaire uncle. Miss McNeill says that she is not anxious to appear against Arborn, but she has been subpœnaed and will have to give her testimony. Arborn is twenty-seven years old, and was born at Sag Harbor. He had something to do with the duel between the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons which did not take place last spring.

The great bargain cloak sale still going on at the Beehive. 2

——Fresh oysters No. 1 in quality, sweet potatoes, fine oranges and lemons, all the best dried and canned fruits, all kinds of cured meats at the boss grocery of Sechler & Co., in the Bush House block. They keep none but strictly first class goods—guaranteed such—and sell them lower than many other stores do stale and inferior groceries.

Plaid dress goods at Garmans *
Seal skin polos at Garmans. *

CLIMBING THE SPIRAL STAIRS.

Invisible Architecture in a New-England Parsonage.

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral stair case: we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the stairs."

"That is a pleasant illustration," remarked her friend, amusingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many window stoves. "You know we cannot stop toiling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided the advance in life is not attended with calamity or suffering for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered, and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my house duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As the crisis had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of PARKER'S TONIC as an invigorant in just such case as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of a new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and now I am in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from interview with the wife of Rev. P. Perry, pastor of Baptist church, Coldbrook, Mass. nov4t

DROWNED IN BEER.

Concerning this Popular Beverage Two Men Express their Minds.

"The fact is sir, and you may stick a pin there, that the people of this country are likely to be drowned in a flood of lager beer," shouted an enthusiastic teetoteer the other day into the ear of your earnest correspondent. That German drink has struck us hard. It is a second deluge."

"Yes, and the worst of this beer-drinking business is that it gets up kidney troubles, as a heavy wind raises the waves," added a city physician, who had a knowledge of the times and a tendency to metaphor. "The midnight 'schooner' leaves behind it a wake of furred tongues, headaches, torpid livers, nausea, and all that, and lays the foundation of Bright's Disease."

This melancholy fact accounts in part for the increasing sales of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which at once mitigates these symptoms. Price 25 cents.

Ask your physician about it.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemist, N.Y. nov4t

Ruin Wrought in the Forest.

How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to the gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order. oct4t

Velvets and velvet ribbon at Garmans.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pa., there will be sold at public sale in the court-house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1883,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of John Irvin deceased:

A valuable farm situated about three miles east of Boalsburg, containing 254 acres, 103 perches, and now occupied by Lot Kimport. The land is in a high state of cultivation, has a large frame house and a large barn erected thereon, delicious mountain water conveyed in pipes to the door, and a large orchard of choice fruit. About eighty acres next the mountain is covered with excellent white pine, chestnut and oak timber.

Terms.—Five percent of purchase money to be paid when the property is struck off, ⅓ of the balance on the confirmation of the sale, ½ in one year and ½ in two years thereafter, the two latter payments with interest, payable annually, and to be secured by judgement bond and mortgage upon the premises. JOHN I. THOMPSON, Jr.,
Lemont, Pa. 26oct3t Trustee.

SPRING MILLS PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A house and lot, near the station, at Spring Mills, is offered at private sale. The house is a two story frame; there are outbuildings and choice fruit on the lot, also a well and running water. For further particulars apply to
inov4m HANNAH BULLUCK,
Milesburg, Pa.

CAUTION.—Having purchased at Sheriff's sale, Oct. 24, 1883, the articles named below, as the property of Wm. Walburn, in Gregg twp., I will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and caution all persons against meddling with same, viz: One blind mare, bay horse, 2 sets harness, harrow, plow, log sled, 3 sheep, 2 cows, 2 pigs, cultivator, wheelbarrow, forks, rakes, box and axle of spring wagon, baskets, buckets, 2-horse wagon, fanning mill, cutting box, sleds, log-chain, lot of hay, lot of 2nd crop, lot of wheat and rye, 10 acres of grain in ground, lot of grain in stack, lot of potatoes, grindstone, barrels, meat vessels, cook stove and pipe, parlor stove, kitchen furniture, corner-cupboard, carpets, clock, flour chest, 2 beds and bedding.
1nov3t JOHN GROVE.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain on file of record in the register's office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in anywise interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, A. D., 1883, for allowance and confirmation:

1 First and final account of J K Rider, administrator of &c. of Mary Lemon, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

2 Account of John T Clark, administrator of &c. of Margaret Nestlerode, late of Liberty twp., dec'd, as filed by Mary Clark, her administrator.

3 The first and final account of E M Shuey, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Joseph Shuey, late of College twp., dec'd.

4 Final account of James C Gilliland, administrator of &c, of Edwin W Hess, late of Harris twp., deceased.

5 Account of George Bright, adm'r of &c. of Margaret Bright, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

6 Account of James A Sweetwood, guardian of Sadie S. Campbell, one of the children of Margret Searfus.

7 The account of F H Van Valzah, administrator of &c. of Mary Elien Krumrine, late of Gregg twp., dec'd.

8 The first and partial account of Michael S. Feidler, executor &c. of John Hess, late of Haines township, dec'd.

9 Account of J T Dunkle, sheriff, trustee to sell the real estate of Solomon Derr, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

10 The account of Adam Krumrine, guardian of Annie S. Zerby, a minor child of Adam Zerby, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

11 Final account of James Coburn, executor of &c. of John Rupp, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

12 The second account of John B Linn, administrator of &c. of Eliza M Thomas, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

13 Account of Jefferson Royer, guardian of George McElavey, et al, minor child of Elvins McElavey, deceased. JAMES A. McCLAIN,
Register.

Buffalo Jo.

[Fort Concho Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

Maj. Doyle and his wife came back to the post that fall. By the death of the colonel he became lieutenant-colonel, and was placed in command. The newly married couple occupied the old colonel's quarters, and Mrs. Doyle seemed vary happy, but I occasionally noticed dark lines under her eyes, as though from loss of sleep or intense mental agony, and her face to me always wore an expression of hopeless resignation to a fate she had no hand in shaping. Before spring it began to be whispered about that the major and his wife did not live happily together, and it was also whispered that he was intensely jealous of one of the subalterns, a young lieutenant, who paid Mrs. Doyle marked attention. In the spring Mrs. Doyle gave birth to a daughter, and for a while the tongues of the gossips were silenced. Finally they began to wag again, and one day matters came to a focus. The major, returning suddenly from a scout after Indians, found the handsome lieutenant in company with his wife. Hot words passed between the two men, and the lieutenant struck his superior officer. The latter, mad with passion, drew his pistol and laid the young man at his feet dead. It was then that his wife's long slumbering passion was aroused. She threw herself on the body of her murdered lover with piecing screams, and when the major attempted to raise her she shrank from him with loathing.

"I hate you," she cried, and her eyes blazed. "I hate you—I have always hated you. You bought me, and for love of my poor father and to save him from ruin and disgrace I consented to the sacrifice. You have murdered the only man I ever loved—for I did love him. You have made me what I am, and I curse you for it."

She uttered this philippic with the air and voice of a tragedy queen, and swept from the room. She never darkened his door again, and, although they met daily, neither seemed to be aware of the existence of the other. Lieut. Col. Doyle was court-martialed for the shooting, but the commission exonerated him. Mrs. Doyle took up with a gambler named Davis, and they lived together. She never recognized her old acquaintances, and, of course, they never noticed her. A few months after the separation Col. Doyle was transferred to a post in one of the northern territories, and husband and wife never met again. Mrs. Doyle remained at the post and she led a very gay life. She seemed always in the most joyous spirits, but it was a forced gayety. Inwardly she must have suffered the most poignant anguish. To drown her sorrow she began to drink, and I saw her many times in a beastly state of intoxication. The gambler 'shook her,' and she became the mistress of a buffalo killer named Fletcher. She accompanied him on his hunting trips to the Staked plain, and it was during one of these scouts that you met her. She lost all her modesty, and the lower she sank in vice the more brazen and depraved she became. She learned to curse, and in the rough life she led on the buffalo range all traces of tender womanhood disappeared. It was while on the range, where, as you know, she did her share of the killing, skinning, and rendering with the rest of the men, that she acquired the name of Buffalo Jo, by which she was known down to the day of her death. Jo was a pretty good shot with the rifle or pistol, and she could throw a lariat with the most practiced vaqueros. She drank like a sailor, cursed like a pirate, and rode like a centaur. She would hunt all day and gamble all night. She knew this country like a book, and for years was a government guide. She had a constitution of iron, and was capable of enduring any amount of suffering and exposure uncomplainingly. After Fletcher died—he was killed at Fort Davis by Arizona Alf in '76—Jo drifted from bad to worse. Her associates were of the most depraved character and she was drunk two-thirds of the time.

During all these years she had no communication with Doyle, and knew nothing of the disposition he had made of their daughter. Doyle died in the spring of 1880. He had been on the retired list several years prior to his death, and when he finally "passed in his chips" no one regretted it, for I don't think there was an officer in the army who was held in such universal detestation. Jo disappeared shortly after the news reached us of her husband's death, and did not turn up at the post again until after the Victoria raid in the fall of 1880. One day she came in on the overland, and two hours after her arrival was roaring drunk. She was at this time only the wreck of the woman she had once been, and I, who remembered her in the old days, could scarcely credit the change which liquor and vice had wrought. Jo visited all the saloons and then took it into her head to go through the post. She was swaggering along, with a clay pipe between her teeth and a bottle of 'tarantula juice' in her hand, when three young girls passed her. Two of them were officers' daughters and the third a friend who was paying them a visit. Jo leered at them horribly and, flourishing the bottle over her head, gave utterance to a string of obscenity and profanity that would have made the hardest sinner shudder. The three girls turned and ran, screaming with fright. Jo followed them, yelling wildly.

During the chase she tripped and fell, cutting a deep gash in her head on a sharp stone. She lay there speechless and without motion. The two officers' daughters continued their flight, but their companion, when she saw the accident which had befallen their pursuer, retraced her steps and knelt beside the prostrate woman. She wiped away the blood with her dainty handkerchief, and laid her soft white hand on the depraved woman's face. The touch, light as it was, caused Jo to open her eyes, and she rose to her feet with a blush of shame on her cheek.

"Thankee," she said, and would have passed on, but the girl detained her.

"You will forgive me," she said, "because we were indirectly responsible for your fall. I am very sorry that it occurred, and I would like to do something for you by way of atonement—that is, if you will let me."

"What's your name?" was Jo's question.

"Minnie Doyle," was the answer. "I am stopping with the commanding officer."

She did not notice the sudden look of pain which shot across Jo's face, and she failed to hear the convulsive sob which rose to the fallen woman's lips.

"Minnie Doyle," repeated Jo mechanically, and then paused.

Perhaps during the brief moment of silence all the bitter past rose before her and she had time to compare the two pictures—that of Josephine Debo, innocent and happy, with that of Buffalo Jo, depraved and miserable. Anyway a great hungry look came into her eyes and she took a step toward the young girl.

"Minnie," she said, "will you kiss me?"

"Yes," was the brave answer, and the young lips, as yet unstained and unpolluted, were uprised and just touched Jo's swelled and repulsive mouth.

The girl repressed a shudder, and Jo turned abruptly away and walked straight to the little jacal where she made her home. She drank no more whisky that day, and about midnight the post surgeon was called in to attend her. She was violently ill, and sinking very rapidly. After examining her case critically, the surgeon declared that all hope of her recovery was past.

"She will die before morning," he said

"What's that?" cried Jo, starting up.

"Ther doctor sez ez how ye've re'ched ther last rattul out'n ther box," answered a gambler who was standing at the head of the bed.

"Leave the room, all of you," she cried. "I have something to say to the doctor."

The crowd filed slowly out, and the dying woman held a few minutes' whispered conversation with the doctor. At its close he hurried to the post and Jo sank back on the bed exhausted. When the doctor returned he was accompanied by Minnie Doyle, and when they entered the room Jo started up with a glad cry.

"Minnie! My daughter!" she cried, and held out her arms.

"Mother," answered the girl through her tears, and, springing forward, clasped the wretched creature in her arms.

"Thank God," whispered Jo, faintly, and, with a new and almost beatific light in her eyes, fell back dead.

Blonde and Brunette Beauties.

[New York Journal.]

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and darling brunette beauties. The war still rages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether the blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead fashions this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eyebrows.

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the "Van Dyke blonde," of which Lady Mandeville is one of the most stunning examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sloes, with eyebrows to match. The "Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far the more distingue type.

Although almost everybody knows what is requisite to be a true brunette, there are still a few who are not even educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks like roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark gray eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette who has not very brown or very black eyes.

What is known as the "Irish type" of beauty in one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and fascinating.

A type of beauty that has had its day, but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexions, are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all kinds of types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of gray or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

"Our First Daughter."

[New York Post.]

It is told of the wife of Buchanan's first postmaster general, Mr. Brown, that she had been married before, and so had her husband, and each had a daughter by the first marriage. Then they had another daughter Mrs. Brown used to present the daughters at her receptions in this way: "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this is Miss Brown, our joint daughter!"

THE LIMEKILN CLUB

Is Treated to a Few Pertinent Remarks on Physicians' Practices.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Who am de doctah?" asked Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shin finally got room for his feet and the meeting came to order.

"In de fust place he am a young man who t'ars up sidewalks, lugs off gates, takes up two seats in de street kyar, walks six abreast on de sidewalk, cultivates slang an' am only two p'ints removed from a loafer. He graduates. He has l'arned some Latin, some surgery, and what he doan' know 'bout medicine he ain't gwine to practice on. By an' by you h'ar of him as a successful doctah. He has stuck his stakes an' drawn his lines. He has l'arned dat castor ile am a gentle cathartic, an' he will purceed from dat to figger what may be good fur typhoid fever.

"De doctah am a man who puckers his mouf an' shakes his head. He am wery careful not to talk too much. If one of his patients foun' dataqua pura meant water de doctah would consider the case hopeless. What he lacks in knowledge he reckons de family will make up in good nussin'.

"The doctah am a wise man. If he finds de pulse up an' de tongue coated he knows dar am a fever. If it shouldn't happen to be a fever de medicine would do jist de same good. When he can't tell a case of measles from a case of small-pox he kills two birds with one stone by prescribin' fur de latter.

"If a fam'ly doctah should sot down an' tell a patient dat he had bilious fever, an' dat he was givin' him sartin remedies an' dat he would be out in twelve or fourteen days, de patient would expire inside of two hours. De only safe way am to shake de head, scare de wife inter fits, an' pronounce it a case of life an' death whar' de chill'en mus' be spanked and tied up, de doah-bell muffled, an' all de relashuns telegraphed to. It's only arter de patient am seen sawin' wood de week arter dat he am told what a clus' shave he had.

"De doctah am a man who sticks. When he gits hold of a case dar' am no let go onless he am pulled off. If he can't cure he kin advise a trip to Mackinaw or Florida, an' if de patient am oncivil 'nuff to die on his hands all odder doctahs am ready to testify dat his life was presarved a hull y'ar longer dan could have bin expected. De doctah who would admit dat a case was too complicated fur him would be hustled ou'er de ring in no time.

"De doctah am a great stickler fur de 'professional.' It ain't professional to advertise dat he am a doctah. De public mus' take him for a bank robber or a hoss-jockey an' keep up de inquirin' until it am diskivered dat he am a doctah. It ain't professional fur two doctahs to meet ober de same patient, fur fear he will git well. It ain't professional for one doctah to amit dat anoder has written morphine whar' he meant quinine an' killed somebody. Eben when a coroner's jury am sittin' on de body of a butchered woman it ain't professional fur a doctah to call it a case of abortion. It mus' be his opinyun dat de woman was run ober by a train of kyars. Nobody eber h'ars of a doctah makin' mistakes. De undertaker kivers 'em up an' de fraternity take de witness stand. Let us now purceed to bizness."

Street Physiognomy.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

But residence streets are those that concern the greatest number of hours, waking and sleeping, in the twenty-four. It takes little to make or mar them. Often a whole street can be made a blank by the simple fact that its constituent residents have not learned their habits of home life in the right place. If they are of the middle New England classes, for instance, with whom it is a law, as fixed as that of gravitation, to keep the front part of the house shut to darkness and silence while the rear is chosen as the theatre of household life, the street is as lifeless as the parlors that line it. There are streets where fashion rules. It is apparent in an excess of outre statuary, vases, shell-bordered flower beds, strained efforts of the landscape "artist," and tortures in hedge and tree trimming.

But the proper physiognomy of a street lies between these two extremes, where culture and means form a happy and sensible union. Here parlor blinds are always open by day and the front windows are bright with the family lamp or hearth fire by night. Fences, if there are any, are not elaborate fictions of the carpenter or iron founder, but good, plain barriers against truant cows and a reasonable Thus-far-and-no-farther to lawless boys. The lawns are of good domestic grass, not too assiduously clipped, like the head of a dude; and boys and girls tread them as their own native and trespassless heath. Life and its enjoyment make up the ideal street, and to live well it must have neither poverty nor riches. The bare ground and the squalor of the pauper's hut is out of place. The vain squander upon senseless house and home display are as bad.

The popular street combines evidences of good sense, modesty and thorough bonhomie. Its people must not curtain or hedge each other out too completely. The houses must speak frankly and good-naturedly of frank and good-natured people within. Neatness attends it at every step. Its Augean stables do not infringe on the nostrils of neighbors or the passing pedestrian, and the penetralia of the kitchen makes way with all smells that offend and should be plucked out. Abundant shade from the common and familiar trees that we all enjoy, and sidewalks that do not divide our eyesight with surrounding beauties, are also among its traits. And, last and best of all, the good street must be alive with the flesh and blood of home-loving, friend seeking people. Of such streets the best cities are made.

A Cool Crowned Head.

[Inter Ocean.]

Alfonso is described as "an insipid little fellow, who loves cigarettes, garlic, girls, fast horses and brandy," but it takes something more than a French mob to "rattle" him. Alfonso's conduct in Paris showed that he has a cool head, even if he is a king.

WATERING-PLACE FLIRTATION

By No Means So Much Encouraged as Is Generally Supposed--The Puzzle Explained.

[Letter in Philadelphia Times.]

Contrary to a prevalent but most erroneous impression, flirtation in general is not encouraged at the great watering-place hotels frequented by fashionable people, but is rather conducted at a disadvantage, and as a rule has less favorable opportunities for its development than are afforded at an assembly, a regatta, the opera or a score of other easy facilities that the ordinary course of city life afford. Flirting in large hotels has to be done decidedly, as the expression goes, "on the sly." Life in the usual routine is bounded within doors by the parlor, the piazza, the passages, the dining-room, the sleeping apartment, and possibly the bowling alley or bath house. Unless a very intimate friend or favored by accident (a dollar to the head waiter sometimes does it) no gentleman gets a chance of sitting and taking meals at the same table with a lady acquaintance. If he is wise he avoids it, as it is sure to attract attention if he is seen much with the lady at other times. As to the piazza and the parlor, up to 11 o'clock at night, the hour when both are usually deserted by ladies, there is nothing takes place within either that is not curiously scanned and noted and in most cases coldly criticised.

There is no place where every little act is thrown out into such significance, where censorious society exacts so rigid a deportment and where a young girl has to be so careful of her conduct as a summer hotel. Consequently no young lady, unmarried or married, who respects the usages of polite society ever goes alone with a gentleman to walk in the woods, to row on the lake, to bathe or to promenade on the beach. As the old ladies say: "It isn't proper." That is, unless they are engaged; and even then such conduct is often severely criticised. There has to be a chaperon—a matron—even when a young married lady sits or walks on the piazza after 10 o'clock, and of all the funny sights in the world the funniest is that of a gay young married woman of 20 carrying on a desperate flirtation with a young fellow at one end of the porch, while her "matron," a lively married woman of 30, decidedly the gayer of the two, perhaps, is smirking and flouting under the ardent gaze of an old beau at the other. Yet this is propriety. With two pairs of turtle-doves the thing is permissible. In short it is safe to say that, except in the Adirondacks, where life grows less conventional, there is no young unmarried lady of well-established social position who is ever permitted presumably or in fact to go abroad at a summer resort with a gentleman, except to ride or drive, unless accompanied by another lady.

How, then, in the name of Cupid do the young folks manage to do any love-making at all and by what sort of hocus-pocus are so many of the tremendous flirtations carried on, about which there are so many whisperings? The puzzle is easily explained. At every leading summer resort and in connection with every great hotel there are what may be termed flirting places—odd nooks and corners and out-of-the-way places, where occasionally it is possible to be alone. On the Stockton hotel lawn, at Cape May, standing quite isolated, just far enough away to be secluded and yet so near as to be within the bounds of propriety, there is a pavilion which has in all probability been the scene of more flirtations than any other spot in the United States. Nearly every old frequenter of Cape May knows of more than one married couple who date their bliss from the night the question was popped in that pavilion, for, as the song says, "flirting leads to graver deeds," and the dalliances are not all amusement, but often end in solemn earnestness.

Whisky and Talent.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Take that bottle and go out and get me some whisky," said Col. Jimjams to the sad-eyed woman whose misfortune it was to be the wife of a convivial inebriate.

"Give me money to buy it with."

"Give you money! Why, any darn fool can get whisky if he has money, but to get whisky without money is what takes talent. I thought you had some talent."

Taking up the bottle with a sigh, the patient, long-suffering woman went out. In a short time she returned. Apparently she had been successful, for she placed the bottle before him, and said, in low, reproachful tones

"There! take it, and drink to your heart's content."

"Now, that's what I call smart. You have got real genius or you couldn't get whisky without money;" and placing the bottle to his mouth he was about to quench his thirst when he discovered the bottle was empty.

"Why, what does this mean?"

'It means that anybody can drink whisky when the whisky is in the bottle but it takes real talent to drink whisky when there is none in the bottle. Drink away. I know you have got talent.'

Where Andy Johnson Lived and Died.

[Chattanooga Times.]

In Greenville, as you are aware, the late President Andrew Jackson lived, as tailor, alderman, legislator and president, and here he is buried. The shop in which he labored as tailor now stands in the eastern part of the town. Just over the entrance to the shop, which is a small frame building, and in which a colored family is now living, is a pine board, upon which is written, in letters now almost erased by rain and storm, the following "A. Johnson, Tailor." A little out from the western border of the town stands the monument of marble which marks the resting place of "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

Unconverted Japan.

[Inter Ocean.]

The Yokohama Gazette declares that all efforts to introduce Christianity into Japan have been pitiable failures, and that the people of that country regard foreign missionaries with jealous awe.

HE HAD SEEN IT ALL.

The Lofty Traveled Youth, and the Lady Who Took Him Down.

[W. A. Croffut in Pioneer Press.]

There is a youth on board who makes himself a bore with his lofty airs. He wears a rose-colored suit, and carries a smooth alpenstock with a chamois horn mounted atop; and over his flaxen hair, which is beautifully parted behind, he wears a red Turkish fez. He fearlessly made everbody's acquaintance the first day out, and then at once began to badger them about their travels.

"Hm! So you went up the Rigi—and over to the Scheideck, of course," he said to some ladies.

"Yes, up the Rigi, but only to the Kulm," they answered.

"Oh! You should have gone over to the Scheideck! I wouldn't give a cent to go up the Rigi and not go to the Scheideck. Why, it's a great deal finer than the Kulm—ten times better view—didn't ye know that?"

To a clergyman who was speaking of Heidelberg he said: "I suppose you went around to the Bench, didn't ye?"

"Bench?—What bench?"

"The Bench—the Bench—the rocky shelf some 200 feet bevond the castle. No? You didn't? You came away without going to the Bench? Why, the Bench gives you the best view of the castle there is—all the view there is, about; I wouldn't give a cent to go to Heidelberg at all unless I went to the Bench!"

"What? Didn't go to Valmaar?" he said, with an incredulous inflection, to a young professor from a western college. "Is it possible? That lovely church—that unique campo santo—that wonderful history—that stupendous palace! If I had missed Valmaar I shouldn't feel as if I had been to Europe at all."

And the professor was actually too much ashamed of himself, and too deeply grieved at his loss, to tell the youth that he never before heard of Valmaar. But this young man, who was having such fun letting the sawdust out of the tourist's cherished dolls, was laying up for himself wrath against a day of wrath.

"Of course you went out to the Faggiola, when you were in Venice?" inquired one of the ladies of him.

"O yes—yes—the Faggiola—yes, of course; I had almost forgotten it."

"Forgotten such a strange island as that?" she pursued, "were the old Roman city of Minovia sunk hundreds of years ago, and they can still see down through the water the marble palaces? Did you go down in the dumb-bell?"

"No, I didn't; I wasn't feeling very well that day; but I saw the roofs and spires down through the water—they are mostly tumbled down now."

"How far are they below the surface of the water? I should think—well—fifty or sixty feet, or maybe more," he said vivaciously.

"How did the old castle look?" she inquired, with earnest interest, "did it seem utterly forsaken down there, or as if it were still inhabited?"

"Still inhabited!" he exclaimed, 'after all these—why, it looked just like—you know yourself what it looked like; you was out there, wasn't you?"

"Me? O, no; I didn't go out to the Faggiola when I was in Venice. It was was awfully hot; and then I didn't know where the Faggiola was, and nobody else seemed to know, either." She laughed a merry peal. "And nobody said anything about the castle of the Roman city of Minovia."

And she laughed again and clapped her hands; and her hearers laughed, too—all but one, who looked very thoughtful and walked away. He was seen laboring over one of the volumes of the cyclopædia down in the saloon an hour later, and since that has been very quiet, indeed.

An Appetizing Hand-Made Fish.

[Boston Journal.]

There was one feature in the dinner enjoyed by Lord Coleridge at Boston which created considerable merriment. The cover was taken from one of the dishes, revealing a fine specimen of sea turbot, baked a delicate brown, decorated with marigolds and sprays of green, and flanked by slices of lemon and more flowers and green, all disposed in a manner to set off in an appetizing manner the delicious looking fish. An attempt to serve it made apparent the fact that nature and the culinary art had been most successfully imitated in ceramics. The fish, with its accompaniments, was but a part of the platter. Lord Coleridge was greatly amused, and the whole company appreciated greatly the triumph of the artist. The dish was painted by Miss Millie Woodford, of Newton, Mass.

The Language of St. Louis.

[New York Herald.]

St. Louis is not able to compete with Chicago in the glory of its candy store windows, in the size of its elevators and feet, or in the muscle of its politicians. But St. Louis is the head centre of philosophy in this country. A St. Louis journalist this week begins a report thus: "The work of iconoclasm is not endemic but universal, and the breaker of our images presents himself most inopportunely as to place and season, proving that our idols are of clay, our ideals friable, and that our worship is wasted on a thin substance." This rendered into Chicagoese means: "Johnny Mulligan, the statesman, went into Mulhooley's saloon, and as no one would fight him he cleaned out the whole crowd."

The Climate for Good Voices.

[Exchange.]

An English newspaper says American singers have made a much greater mark in Great Britain than American actors, notwithstanding the conspicuous absence in America of long-established academies and colleges of music. "The climate," it adds, "clear and dry as it is, will scarcely account for the number of good voices produced in America, for one effect of the American climate is apparently to pinch the throat and cause the high-pitched tones and the usual twang by which the enunciation of so many Americans is marked."

WHEN WINDS WERE LOW.

When winds were low and bright the summer hours,
Some minstrel, wandering through my garden fair,
Forsook his harp, and left it standing there
With silent strings among the wondering flowers.
With gentle touch to wake its murmurings,
In vain the lily and the rose essayed;
But once the summer wind across it strayed,
And with sweet music throbbed the golden strings;
Whilom my heart had learned no melody,
But in life's garden hung with silent chord;
And all the days sang no sweet song to me,
Or answered every touch with care's discord;
Until on dancing feet love strolled along—
And all my heart was musical with song.

Mormon Wives.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The Mormon priests tell the Mormon woman that plural marriage is the ordinance of God! That all it brings her of anguish is necessary self-denial to win God's love, and that to submit to it is her duty. A ghastly burial ceremony that is practiced by the Mormons rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrection day, when the righteous are called into the joys of their Lord, no hand but that of a husband can remove the cloth, and that unless the cloth is lifted by his hand she must remain in outer darkness forever. A woman who believes that—and the Mormon women believe it—can't help behaving herself, no matter how many wives her husband takes. She has to keep on the right side of the only man who can take off that cloth.

Heart-Broken but Level-Headed.

[Philadelphia Times.]

A lawyer for a husband who is being sued for divorce had a visit yesterday from the client. The client is madly in love with his wife and believes that she wishes to be rid of him only to be free to marry another. "I can't live without her," he said to his legal adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol and said: "I am going to her with this and say: 'Here, shoot me down, I don't care to live any more.'"

"You had better not," said the cautious legal man; "she might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken husband. "I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

A Special Vessel for Stanley.

[Exchange.]

A vessel of special and ingenious design is being prepared for Stanley's use in Africa. It will be propelled by a stern paddle-wheel, and the hull will be arranged in such a manner that it can be readily subdivided into a number of sections, each being floatable and provided with fittings for receiving four large wheels. These wheels can be attached to each section while afloat, so that it can be drawn out of the water for transport overland without difficulty. Each of the subdivision of the hull forms, when fitted with the wheels, a complete wagon of itself, capable of carrying the machinery of the steamer, merchandise, stores, etc. It is to be completed by the end of this year, and will be tested afloat under steam on the Thames.

Saving a Fragment of Humanity.

[Chicago Herald.]

I saw one of our policemen drag a drenched and tattered bit of humanity out of a hallway the other morning just before daybreak. The night had been wild overhead and merciless below. The clouds were piled upon each other, and over each other, as I have seen the ice crack and crush together in the breaking up of a long, dreary winter. There was nothing unusual in the sight of the capture just related. An old-time feeling crept over me, however, and I followed that stalwart sentinel of the city's safety and his little captive, who looked to me as if he were but a chunk of a cloud dropped from the black embankments above. I followed them into the station, and the "culprit," for such he had now grown to be, was taken below. Maybe the curiosity was idle and weak, but I went to the police court later, and waited until this brat, whose face had been photographed in the mind, was brought out. There have been a thousand such scenes in such places. The officer said the "kid," I think he called him that, was a night prowler, and would be a thief unless he was sent to the house of correction.

The judge seemed to tarry in this boy's case, and looked over the bench, under the eaves of which the chap's hair could just be seen. He asked the boy if he had heard what the officer said. The face looked up and the words from the lips were so low that they could just be heard: "Please, sir, if I had somebody to back me in it I mean to do what's right." I saw the judge run his pen through a name on the sheet before him, and the boy went out alone. "He may have lied, as most of them do," said the judge, "but I'll back him for once, and I believe that if somebody would back these waifs of the street to the right extent they would make better men. I never thought of it before, though, myself." The clerk of the court told me afterward that the fines during the remainder of that session were "tempered with mercy."

Legend of the Nightingale.

[Boston Budget.]

The nightingale's habit of singing at night, and the imaginary sadness of its song, are accounted for by a legend to the effect that in ancient days the nightingale and the blindworm had only one eye apiece. The bird borrowed the reptile's eye in order to go with two eyes to a feast, and afterwards refused to restore it. The blindworm vowed vengeance on its perfidious friend. Consequently, the nightingale is afraid to go to sleep at night lest the blindworm should attack it during its slumber. And in order to keep itself awake it sings, resting its breast against a thorn, the pain caused by which renders its singing sad.

UP IN A BALLOON.

An Aeronaut's Account of His Voyage Across the English Channel.

[London Standard.]

"We started from Hastings," says Mr. Simmons, "under somewhat unfavorable auspices, the wind being northeasterly at the time. A crowd of some 40,000 persons had gathered to witness our departure, and as we ascended they gave us a tremendous cheer. My fellow passenger, Mr. Small, a photographer, was so lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama of Hastings lying below us that I had to warn him that he must be quick if he wished to obtain a photograph, and we just got the apparatus ready as we passed over the beach, the balloon being at that moment (3:25) to an altitude of 3,000 feet. At 3:30 we had a long range of coast line, Eastbourne pier being exceedingly distinct. I thought we were a trifle too near Beachy Head ever to make any point of land on this side of the Atlantic, but when we attained an altitude of 7,500 feet we southed a trifle more. Appearances were, however, much against our ever reaching land, and I must acknowledge that I was sorely tempted to come down off Beachy Head and get picked up. But this would have been rather too ignominious, and I decided to keep on our course. We had the satisfaction, a few minutes later, to find Beach Head receding north of us, and we quickly settled our minds to 'make a night of it' if necessary.

"At 4:30 we were over a magnificent cloud scene; here and there patches of the coast line could be descried far away to the west, while at a vast distance there was a gap through which we got a patch of sea, with three or four ships very distinct. A moment later and the great curtain of clouds had shut out our last land-mark. Mr. Small got his apparatus ready to secure a cloud effect, but his shutter missed fire two or three times, and this suggested some little improvements for such experiments in future. From 4:30 to nearly sunset (to the people on earth) our altitude ranged between 8,000 and 9,000 feet. During this interval we got peeps at the sea many times, but no land was seen. We could see the sun's rays two hours after he had withdrawn from earth and sea. The shadow of the balloon on a cloud looked very much like a shuttlecock, the car forming the butt end, and the balloon and cords forming the feathers. The transition from day to night was very slow and gradual, and as daylight departed the moon's rays from dead gold gradually changed to bright silver. Mr. Small said, 'Did you see that shooting star?' I said, 'Wait a minute, and I will show you another.' The balloon had commenced to revolve, and this motion made it appear as though a bright star was darting through the air. It was, of course, an optical illusion.

"A remarkable appearance was caused by the reflection of the balloon in the focussing screen of the camera. When we surrounded with a black cloth the frame round the glass we could see the sky, sun, moon and stars inverted and the balloon cleaving its headlong downward course through illimitable space, the effect being more extraordinary. Soon after 7 o'clock we began to get cold, and set to work to don our flannels, etc. Our large wrapper got tightly jammed in the rigging, but the hard pulling necessary to get it loose soon made us feel warm, and, having once got up a good circulation, we did not during the entire voyage again feel cold. The cork jackets, which were supplied by Mr. Cornish, contributed greatly to warmth. During the night, for more than an hour our altitude did not vary twenty feet. This was exceedingly encouraging, for upon our power of poising so nicely depended our chance of floating aloft all night. When the balloon did take a slight downward turn I carefully noted how much ballast it would take to 'stop her.' The temperature of the air was very regular, and I found that seven pounds or eight pounds was sufficient.

"At 10:15 we saw a vessel almost under us, and came down low enough to hail her. This we did as lustily as we could, but at first got no response, only a remarkably distinct echo from our own voices. At last a voice was heard on deck. 'Voila, balloon, balloon!' 'Are you English?' No reply. 'Parlez vous Francaise?' 'Oui, oui,' we replied, but with all our French we could not ascertain our whereabouts, and whether we were over the English channel or the Atlantic.

"At 10:25 something slightly darker than the normal horizon could be faintly discerned. We kept ourselves absolutely motionless, and, listening intently, we seemed to hear in the same direction a sound as of a far-distant rolling surf. I looked long and eagerly, until I exclaimed, 'It's nothing but a mist,' for it seemed to change its form, and at last to vanish into 'thin air.' I passed nearly another hour intently watching for lights until a similar dark portion of horizon was brought under our view. We could not possibly bring ourselves to believe it was land, because no lights could be seen up to this time, but at last there was an unmistakable flicker in the exact direction where I was gazing. 'Look along my finger as a telescope. What do you call that?' 'A lighthouse,' exclaimed Mr. Small. I said, 'I believe that dark strip before us is land, with sea just beyond it again. If it turns out to be so, be prompt in doing everything I tell you, for it will be sharp work to land on that strip.'

"The sound of surf was now unmistakable, and in about the same time as I am taking to tell this, the line of coast was presented distinctly to our view, every minute getting more distinct. The sea now began to ripple up sharply. Ten minutes and we were passing the coast line, and sharply darting toward the other sea beyond. 'What sort of ground are we coming down on?' said Mr. Small. 'Rugged rocks and stone walls, I believe,' I said. 'Hold on firm. Out goes the grappling irons.' At first it would not hold, but soon it got wedged into a crevice in the rocks, giving us just tether enough to pass over the precipice and down on to the beach. There was just room for us between the receding tide and the rocks, and none to spare. Had we gone ten yards further and half a second longer we should have been in the sea.

"We heard whispering near us. In a few moments a man and a woman appeared, but would not at first approach us, fearing, I suppose, we were some monsters. By and by they gained confidence, and then they told us we were on Cap de la Hogue, the extreme northwest point of France. We then found that our informants were M. Auguste Lavem, of Canton de Beaumont, Arrondissement Manche and his wife. They most kindly helped us to empty the balloon of its contents, and gave us supper and shelter for the night. Next morning, at 7 o'clock, we went to view the scene of our descent, and Mr. Small photographed it. We afterward proceeded to Cherbourg, and thence home."

Eliminate the Ancient Humbugs.

["C. W. H." in N. O. Times-Democrat.]

As an old teacher myself, I appeal to other old teachers to corroborate my statement, when I declare that a vast deal of work set down in the orthodox curriculum of studies, and forced on teachers and pupils by popular ignorance of what constitutes sound education, is utterly useless, and much of it really pernicious. I leave it to the best mathematicians in the land to wage war, as many of them do, on the practice of requiring of pupils the working out of innumerable problems, having not the least relation to the exigencies of the workaday world. To the spelling reformers I leave their laudable task, only pausing to say that my experience as a teacher justifies me in asserting that no amount of oral spelling, no craze for spelling bees, no long series of spelling books and dictionaries avails much in making boys and girls spell correctly our present crazy English orthography; it is the habit of noticing words while reading that forms the careful speller.

There is, and possibly may long exist, a similar delusion to the effect that the study of English grammar imparts the habit of using good English in speech and writing. But old teachers know that this is not so. The use of ear and tongue in cultivated society, and familiar intercourse with the brightest minds of the past, in the habit of reading works of genius; these are the only teachers of pure language and undefiled. Eliminate the ancient humbugs I have mentioned from the school work, as well as break away from the yoke put upon our necks by the bookmakers, in the shape of endless series of geographies, which repeat the same facts in bigger and bigger words, and of reading-books which build immensely on the assumed silliness of little children; do these works of emancipation, and there will be great abundance of time for instruction in the industrial arts.

A Cure for Howling Dogs.

[London Post.]

It is not necessary to exterminate dogs to put an end to the annoyance in question. The nuisance is perfectly preventable by the adoption of a few simple and sensible measures which, so far from injuring the offending animals, tend to give them length of days by conducing to their contentment. Those who have had experience in keeping dogs know that these dogs will not howl at night if they be comfortable. If dogs, instead of being cruelly chained up out of doors, in kennels which are often draughty and damp, be allowed to have their liberty by day, and to lie within the house at night, they will generally sleep through the night in perfect quietness. Or, if it be necessary to keep a dog chained by day, he ought to be left loose at night, when it will be found that he will retire quietly to his kennel and abstain from howling, especially if he be furnished with some fresh hay or a clean mat for a bed. In warm weather dogs often howl simply because they want water. Many dogs howl at night because they are kept constantly chained both by night and by day. This is a common and most reprehensible form of cruelty; dogs so treated are sure to be restless and irritable and can scarcely be healthy.

A Grip-Sack Fastener for Travelers.

[American Agriculturist.]

"I wish you would put that man off the train. I am sure he is a Nihilist, and has got a bag of dynamite with him." Such was the exclamation of a panicky-looking individual to the conductor on a railroad train approaching Lincoln, Neb., the other day. We all turned to ascertain the cause of the man's alarm. A peaceable looking traveler sat quietly in his seat, with his carpet bag (they call everything grip-sacks beyond the Missouri) securely fastened to the seat by means of a small steel chain and a padlock. That morning the execution of the Fenian plotters in Ireland had taken place. The complainant was sure that the aforesaid traveler was on his way to Lincoln with a bag of dynamite, to blow up the capital of Nebraska. The passengers were highly amused at the alarm the innocent stranger and his harmless carpet bag had occasioned. The idea of locking one's bag to the car seat struck the writer as being a most novel and practical one. An owner's apprehensions of losing his property when he leaves the car for meals or otherwise, are thereby rendered unnecessary.

A Japanese Journal.

A new official gazette, printed in the Japanese tongue, has made its appearance at Tokio. It is entitled The Kampo, and consists of sixteen well-printed pages. In addition to official notifications, it provides its readers with an abstract of foreign news, as well as an article on agriculture and manufacture.

An Albany firm have utilized the scraps. They make wrought plate dovetails for stove legs, and utilize from six to eight tons of scraps every month for this purpose. The articles made are small pieces of tin of peculiar shape, which are used by stove-menders to make a perfect dovetail on stove bottoms.

Georgia has a law requiring hotels that do not use real butter to display a sign conspicuously: "This house uses oleomargarine."

HOSPITABLE SENATORS.

Those Who Entertain and Those Who Cannot Afford to.

[Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.]

I cannot recall a dozen members of the senate who "entertain." I remember Senator Morton, always on crutches or walking on two canes—one of the greatest men, as I think, ever in public life—and never free from pain, who was sought on every hand. He had close work to keep even with his creditors. He had to keep a carriage on account of his infirmity, and he had to live at a hotel, because he required so much attention. He never gave a dinner or a reception in all his senatorial life here, yet he was sought for on every social occasion. One of his sons was in college, and I knew it was hard for the senator to pay his quarterly bills. But Morton was a giant and nobody inquired how he lived, and nobody expected him to return social obligations. Who ever heard of Thad. Stevens giving a dinner or reception? And yet no man ever in public life in Washington created such a sensation whenever he went into society, which was very rare, except at dinners. Mr. Boutwell, when senator, and when secretary of the treasury, lived at a boarding house. The family of a member of the cabinet is obliged to receive callers on what is known as "Cabinet days," namely, the day in each week set aside for calls on "Cabinet ladies." Well, Boutwell's family received in the boarding house parlor, and, let me tell you, Boutwell did not spend his income any year he was in office here. But he was somewhat criticised, because it was known he could have afforded to entertain.

Of the senators I cannot name a dozen, as I have said, who give entertainments. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, lives in his own house, and invites friends to dinner as a private citizen does. He gives no big dinners or parties.

Mr. Don Cameron has, next to Blaine's, the biggest residence in Washington. He gives large dinner parties and entertains very expensively, though not ostentatiously.

Fair, of Nevada, gives a great many dinner parties, but they represent money, nothing else. The very flowers say, "Look at us. We cost $500." But the best people go to Fair's dinners, but not on Fair's account. He can't talk, and does not know what a good, or rather a fine, dinner is. He leaves it to his caterer and pays the bill.

Eugene Hale, of Maine, entertained a great deal last winter. He took Levi P. Morton's house when that gentleman was sent to France. Morton entertained most lavishly, and Hale, though behind, is not very far behind him. Mrs. Hale, the daughter of the late Zach. Chandler, is very rich. The house in which the Hales live is historic. It was owned by Sam Hooper, so long in congress from Boston, a very wealthy man, who, in his time, gave the best dinners in Washington. He was a great friend of Charles Sumner, and the friendship of the two was not broken except by death. It was the widow of Hooper's son whom Mr. Sumner married, and from whom he was divorced. What a story there is behind that marriage and that divorce! It will never be told in print. I know something of it, but not all. President Johnson occupied the house for a fortnight or more after Mr. Lincoln's death.

Senator Hill, of Colorado, occupies one of the finest houses in Washington, and for it, in rental alone, he pays more than his salary. He gives dinners, and his wife gives very handsome parties and musicales. He occupies the house Mr. Evarts had while secretary of state.

John F. Miller, senator from California, entertains at great cost in a very handsome rented house. He is very rich and has a pretty daughter and an ambitious wife—his only family. He made his money on the street in San Francisco and in the Alaska Fur Seal company. He is a very able man and an eloquent speaker.

Senator Pendleton has one of the loveliest houses here, but its architecture is in the miserable Queen Anne style, which must surely go in a few years. Pendleton is very hospitable, and everything in his house is very dainty. His family is exclusive. His pet dissipation is in giving elegant dinners.

Thus I have mentioned about the senators who "entertain." Perhaps twice the number may be found in the house, not more, although the house is about four times as large as the senate. I cannot undertake to give the names of members who "entertain." When the season opens next winter I may return to the subject.

The Moonshiner's Hogs.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The thoughtful provision of this moonshiner for his hogs reminds one that the hog sometimes is himself a guide for the revenue officers. Your toper is not more fond of the product of the still than is this useful animal of its residuum of slops and refuse. Not long ago a drove of fine porkers were driven to market in a southern city. Their route led past a registered distillery, and with a celerity which rivaled that of their relatives in bible story who "ran down a steep place into the sea," they broke column for the succulent slops. A revenue officer standing by asked the driver. "Where did you buy them hogs?" On investigation it was found that the mountaineer in charge of their early education had maintained an unregistered distillery in a tranquil spot, which would no doubt have escaped the vigilance of the "revenues," but for the inconsiderate and ungrateful conduct of his pigs.

The Biggest Whisky Town.

[New York Sun.]

Peoria, Ill., has only 40,000 inhabitants, but there is one respect in which it is the biggest city in the land. There is no other from which the government receives so large an amount of internal revenue. Thirteen immense distilleries make this the centre of whisky manufacture. The tax is 90 cents a gallon. The largest distillery is under contract to send every drop of its product to France, to be used in the native wines of that vine-clad country.

AN EPISODE OF LIFE.

How Longings for the Infinite Are Evolved Out of the Chaos of the Commonplace.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Yesterday forenoon a man doing business on Michigan avenue put a quart of kerosene in a jug, walked out to the crossing of First street, and deliberately let the jug fall to the pavement. It was, of course, broken into many pieces, and, of course, the oil splashed over the stone sidewalk. When this had been accomplished the man waited. In two or three minutes along came a citizen who halted all of a sudden, stared hard at the spot and called out:

"Ah! somebody broke a jug!"

"Yes."

"Oil in it, wasn't there?"

"Guess so."

"Probably let the jug fall?"

"Probably."

"And the oil was wasted?"

"It was."

"Well, I declare!" he gasped, as he passed on. He had been gone only a minute when a lawyer came along. He, too, brought up with a sudden jerk, and asked:

"Something happened?"

"Yes."

"Somebody broke a jug?"

"Yes."

"Had something in it, eh?"

"Yes."

"Might have been turpentine, but it smells like kerosene."

"Ah! then I was correct."

He lingered until the third man came up. The new arrival picked up the handle of the broken jug and remarked:

"Bless me! but this must have been a jug?"

"It was."

"And it had kerosene in it," he continued, as he rubbed his finger on the walk and sniffed at it.

"It did."

"Well, by George, but that's queer?"

He also waited, and a fourth man came up and went through about the same performance. Then a fifth, sixth, and seventh came, and by-and-by there were thirty men in the group and more coming every moment. Each one picked up a piece of the jug, looked it all over, sniffed at it, and put on an expression of interest, and one man had asked if the coroner had been notified, when a policeman pushed his way in and asked:

"What's this all about?"

"Why," answered the man who had started the affair, "I put some kerosene into a jug and let the jug fall on to the walk."

Some of the crowd tried to laugh as it suddenly broke up, and some said they would pound him if they had to wait a whole year, while the officer went away muttering:

"This will bear looking into. Where was he going with that jug? How came it to break? What was he doing with kerosene? Why didn't the jug contain molasses? I'll have an eye on him."

Ladies Who Shave.

[Exchange.]

"I'm in about as big a hurry as yourself to-day," said a Trenton, N. J., barber to a reporter; "this is my Chambersburg day." "What do you mean by your Chambersburg day?" asked the reporter. "That's the day I go out to the borough to shave a certain lady who lives there. Oh, you needn't be surprised. I shave her every two weeks. If she let her mustache grow it would beat yours. I have one other lady customer, who would, but for me, have a growth of fine, soft hair on both sides of her face. I shave her every three weeks. The first lady is married. The other is not. No one outside of their own families knows that they shave. There are other ladies, I suppose, who could cultivate a beard, but I don't know them. Once when I worked in Philadelphia, I had half a dozen to shave every fortnight." "Doesn't the shaving make the hair on their faces grow worse than ever?" "I think not. I use water instead of lather, by their request, and while shaving makes the hair stiffer, I don't think it causes it to grow any heavier. One reason that they shave is that they can not properly powder their faces when growing a beard." "How much do you charge them?" "Twenty cents a shave."

A Revolutionary Anecdote.

[Washington World.]

Among the many anecdotes with which Mr. Mullet amused and interested his friends, there is one respecting Gen. Washington. Mr. Mullet's first visit to the United States of America was at the close of the war. He was introduced soon after his arrival to Gen. W., and passed some time with that great and good man at his seat, Mount Vernon. Among other flattering marks of attention, Gen. W., when he and Mr. M. were alone in the library, asked him whether, since his arrival, he had seen any man capable of writing a history of the great contest just then ended. Mr. M. with his usual presence of mind, answered: "I know of one, and only one, competent to such an undertaking." The general eagerly replied: "Who sir, who can that individual be?" "Cæsar (said Mr. M.) who wrote his own commentaries." The general bowed, and added: "Cæsar, it is true, wrote his own commentaries; but, I sir, know the atrocities committed on both sides, during this unhappy war, to have been such and so many that they cannot be faithfully recorded, and were better buried in oblivion."

Water-Power Applied by Wire.

[London Paper.]

M. Marcel Deprez, French electrician, who has identified his name with the transmission of power by electricity along wires of small diameter, has just concluded a series of experiments extending over two months, the results of which appear to possess no small practical value. At the distance of fourteen kilometres (that is to say eight miles and three-quarters English) through a wire only two millimetres thick, and utilizing a mountain stream at Vizille as a motive power to work a dynamo machine of his own invention, M. Deprez was last night able to light 110 Edison lamps in the town hall at Grenoble. Large crowds were present, and were greatly impressed.

THE "VAN-DEN-BELTZ" FAMILY.

An Old Lady of New Brunswick (N. J.) Tells of a Reigning Family's Antecedents.

["R. D. B." in Chicago Herald.]

The old lady sipped her tea complacently.

"'Corneel' Vanderbilt's people," she went on, half retrospectively, "were not, of course, people that we would have been apt to know personally," and she smiled at her granddaughter. "Of course I hear a great deal of their doings now, but it makes no impression on me, except as illustrating the power of money and impudence."

At this point The Herald man ventured to ask if the Vanderbilts had really not descended from an ancient Dutch family called "Van der Bilt."

"No sir," thundered the old lady. "I have seen this statement going the rounds before, and it is an impudent assumption. The old and honored name is Van-den-beltz—a mixture of Holland and Flemish. In the sixteenth century it was simplified to Van Den Belt. Those who came to Long Island finally got it down to Van-Belt, and now the old family are known as 'Van Pelt.' The Vanderbilts—I don't know where they came from. They claim—or at least, old 'Corneel' used to say to my uncle, Abram Wykoff, who knew him well, when Corneel used to keep the old tavern down there, that 'he was Dutch, but didn't know how much Dutch he was.'"

"What are your reminiscences of the original Vanderbilts?" The Herald correspondent ventured to ask.

"Oh, I hardly know—let me think. You see my family never knew them, of course. Dear, dear, no. If they had not got so rich, and in everybody's mouths, I suppose I would have forgotten them altogether. Let me see"—and the granddaughter filled up another cup of tea. The kind old lady sipped it, tho while deep in thought. "I was born eight miles from here, and I was 12 years old when I came in town to school. Then the 'Raritan house' was in full blast. 'C. Vanderbilt, proprietor,' I remember was on a big sign. We school girls, I know, for several summers used to go down town past the steamboat docks and up on Shuneman's hill, to pick blackberries. We were always a little shy of Vanderbilt's hotel, for even away back in those days it was rough. But old Mrs. Vanderbilt was kind and good, and when she wasn't too busy scrubbing and so on, she always had a kind word for us. She was a young woman then, and vigorous, and how she did work. Of course we girls from "up-town" didn't dare to let anybody know that we ever spoke to any of the inkeeper's people, but she was good to us. Many a glass of milk I've had from her. But I never liked to see her serve out rum to people. She did that while 'Corneel' was away. The boy—the first boy, William—he's now the great William H., I remember well as a chubby-faced little chap about 10 or 11 years old. His father used to bring shad up in his shallop in the spring—Hudson river shad. Mrs. Vanderbilt used to have a market for it always and the boy would deliver it about. I know in our old boarding-school we never could get shad in the spring till Capt. Vanderbilt's shallop got in. Since they've all got so rich, a story came out that young Vanderbilt's veritable old basket in which he used to carry the shad is still in existence here, but that is untrue. The boy never had a basket. He carried the shad strung on a hickory 'withe,' such as they used to have in the old days. I remember it well."

"When did the Vanderbilts leave New Brunswick, madam?"

"Oh, that I couldn't tell you. I left school about 1833, and I believe they were here then. I remember hearing it said that more children were born here, but then, you see, we never knew them at all—they were, of course, not in our circle. Since they have grown so rich we naturally know of them and hear of them, and remember who they are, but that is all. I remember old Mrs. Vanderbilt most kindly. She was a good, motherly woman, and, by her thrift, excellent sense and untiring industry, I've heard said, she made 'Corneel's' fortune. I am glad to have seen you, sir. You will excuse me now. While I always like to talk of old times, I'm just now a little tired."

Mistaken Charity.

[Limekiln Club.]

"De charity of Detroit has bred a race of beggars who will nebber leave us. It has added to de loaferism an' encouraged de idleness an' gineral shiftlessness. It has said to de heads of families: 'Idle de summer away an' you shall be supported durin' de winter!' Go ask de poo' superintendent if de same person doan' return y'ar after y'ar? Ask him if men an' women have not come to look upon a poo' fund as deir right, an' if dey doan' demand deir allowance, instead of asking for it? Charity filled de kentry wid tramps. When charity tried to undo its work de tramps began to burn barns an' murder women an' chill'en. Charity has encouraged a drove of 500 beggar chill'en to march up an' down ebery resident street. It has wasted its tears upon brutes of men an' its prayers upon hardened women, an' its money has gone to feed people so vile an' wicked dat de state's prison ached to receive 'em."

Family Funeral Time.

[Texas Siftings.]

The Lampton family is in one respect one of the most unfortunate in Austin. They have lost by death five or six children, but the births are pretty much in the ratio of the deaths, so that the family is far from being childless. A few weeks ago there was another death in the family, and the undertaker's assistant called at the house. A small boy met him at the door.

"Is your pa in?"

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to ask him when the funeral will take place."

"You needn't see him then at all, if that is all you want. I can tell you that. Pa always buries us at 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

[Joaquin Miller.]

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We gave him a fish instead of a serpent,
'Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever, and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain,
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-DAY.

[Ellice Hopkins.]

When Love's white stars had dipt amid
Dark honeysuckles in the lane;
And in the charmed dark, close hid,
The nightingale poured forth her pain;
When winking marigolds had shut
Their golden fringes to the light—
Heaven's starry world on world o'erhead,
Love's world on world within outspread—
Her hand in his she shyly put,
And in the porch they said "Good-night."

And when with meeting steps they bruised
The earliest dews beneath their feet,
And Love's delicious shame confused
Their gaze with consciousness too sweet,
That hid in feigned indifference,
Yet dashed her cheek with rosy day,
While all his thoughts stood up to sing,
His praise who made so sweet a thing;
Then thrilled through every happy sense,
He touched her hand and said "Good-day."

But now so deep, so windless deep,
Has sunk the sea of their content,
It hath no shore to break its sleep,
Or loose it into ravishment;
No silver reach of morning gray,
No golden edge of fading light;
But hushed their hearts as brooding bird,
Their lips by no good wishes stirred;
For by his side 'tis all "Good-day,"
And in his arms 'tis still "Good-night."

The "Leader" Editor's Future.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The flag has dropped on ponderous journalism. The great, good-natured public will put up with much, but it will not have a daily magazine at the breakfast table. It will read a paragraph between its ham and eggs, but it hasn't time for a review—the eggs would get cold. When this old hat was new, some hundred years ago, the public hankered and hungered for long editorial articles. It doesn't do it now. It has more sense, and, besides, the world has moved a peg or two. When the public reads a long article nowadays it must be larded with news, not some man's opinion warmed over a dozen times. This being the case, the thought as to the future of the powerful "leader" writer is a saddening one. What ever will become of the man with the brow like Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill and the throbbing intellect? There is a grave chance that there will not be enough wood piles to go around.

Jay Gould's Library.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Gould's library is one of the most remarkable things about that remarkable man. Not only does it contain all the standard classical works on history, science, finance, and the usual collection of romance, fiction, and poetry, but in certain glass cases, well guarded with strong wire network outside, tomes of immense value and great age, and many an inditio princeps which would delight the heart of a bibliophile. This room is the one place which is thoroughly sacred. "It is the holy of holies of the millionaire, the mysterious chamber which Bluebeard forbade even the wife of his bosom to enter. No person except Mr. Gould is allowed to touch his precious books, even his factotum, Morosini, avoiding that dangerous ground. With all his business cares Mr. Gould is a close student, and is singularly well versed in general literature. A well known New York lawyer once said of him that he was the best authority on the law of corporations in the United States.

An Editor's Incapacity.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Besides, in our editorial offices there is too often an absolute incapacity to deal with the people and the physical facts of the day. The man engaged in writing his daily yard-stick of editorial becomes a closet character. He loses the hardihood to drink through his eyes the true influences of the time. He squares his world by some Utopia in his library. The greatest revolution of modern times, that which arrested true liberty and the true happiness of man, was fomented by Rousseau from his closet, where he apparently depicted the world as he saw it in some beautiful camera above the roof; and when he came out into the world, because it was not all as noiseless and exquisite as that reflection, he indicated all the regular influences of his time as tyrants of the globe. Nervous, so constituted that he could not mix with men, he wanted human government adapted to his delicate tympanum and retina. The madman's vision inflamed France, and self-government became a hideous incendiarism.

Utilizing the Water Power of Falls.

[Inter Ocean.]

It is proposed to utilize the water power at the falls of the Potomac, a few miles above Washington, for the purpose of lighting that city by electricity. The plan is to put a cluster of powerful lights upon the top of the Washington monument, which is 400 feet high, and this will give the city a condition of perpetual moonlight. The experiment will be interesting and valuable, and ought to be encouraged. The idea of supplying motive power for all New York by wire from Niagara falls has often been talked about, and the Potomac scheme, if successful, will demonstrate its practicability.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 21, 1883.

A GHOSTLY ALARM.

Mistake in Street Numbers Causes a Panic in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—There was a sensation in a West Walnut street residence early this morning, several of the servants being nearly thrown into convulsions by the appearance of what they believed was a ghost. For over a month a colored man named George Owens has been employed at the house as a waiter. On Sunday last he complained of feeling sick, and was told to go home and rest for a day or two. Not having appeared yesterday morning his mistress despatched an Irish coachman to ascertain the condition of his health, giving his address as No. 704 Lombard street. At that number no one was known by that name; but the visitor was told that George Owens resided at 723 Lombard street. Arriving here he was met with the information that George had died the day before, after a a brief illness. Much sorrow was expressed by his employers, and his clothes and a sum of money owing to him were gotten together to be sent to-day, when the funeral was to take place. It was therefore rather a surprise when at daybreak this morning, on answering a knock at the back gate, the cook was confronted by George, apparently alive and in the flesh. She screamed in alarm and slammed the gate in his face. The other servants rushed to the scene, and a hasty explanation that George's ghost had appeared to her produced a state of panic among the superstitious souls. It was some time before they concluded to admit the supernatural visitor, who finally succeeded in making them understand that it was another George Owens who had died, the dead one having lived at 723 Lombard street and the live one at 740.

IN A MORMON DEN.

Little Girls Enticed From Home by Philadelphians.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.—Two rooms occupied by George and Joseph Baker at No. 53 Girard avenue have been raided by the police. The house is a four story tenement and was occupied by four families. Mrs. Low, who occupies the second floor, in describing the place said: "It's a regular Mormon den. It was no uncommon thing to see six or eight girls from thirteen to fifteen years old come out of their room in the morning after a night of carousal. They slept on the floor. Beer drinking seemed to be the chief object of the gatherings and the Bakers supplied their visitors liberally. I have heard that Sallie Kurtz, who was arrested last night, gave her age as sixteen. She is certainly not more than thirteen or fourteen. The Bakers have not been working lately, and had two crowds of girls coming here, one dnring the day and the other at night. The girls that came during the day often came early in the morning and brought their dinners with them. They would leave before 6 o'clock in the evening, no doubt to make their parents believe they were at work instead of being here. The racket in their rooms was dreadful, and the girls conduct unendurable, so we made complaint. John Whiteman added: "These fellows were brutes. They would take children into their rooms and keep them all night. Little girls between thirteen and sixteen seemed to be their especial prey." The prisoners were held in $500 bail for their appearance in court.

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye invalids of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all people and put sickness and suffering under foot.

3. Be thou not afraid when your family is sick or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and Rheumatic complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For my life have I been plagued with sickness and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will remove them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick from female complaints, who desireth health and useth Hop Bitters and is made well.

11. Let us not neglect to use Hop Bitters bringing on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who was nearly dead and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility, and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accummulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 17, 1882.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, *harder* and *stiffer* than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how cases are made. 8

THE PLAYFUL BOILER

Does its usual Effective Work in Two States.

A Mill Shattered Into Splinters and a Dozen Men Thrown in All Directions—Three Instantly Killed and Many Wounded.

TROUT RUN, Penn., Nov. 17.—A portable boiler in Mariette Maxwell's steam saw mill in Jackson township, near Trout Run, exploded at 7 o'clock. The concussion was so terrific that it shattered the mill into splinters and hurled nearly a dozen men in every direction, killing three employees outright and fatally injuring one and seriously wounding four others. James Huff, head sawyer, was blown about four rods, and when found his body was under a pile of heavy timbers, he was a hard working mechanic, about 45 years old, in poor circumstances, and leaves a widow and a family of small children. Charles Riggs, fireman, also killed instantly, was thrown 177 yards from the mill. His body fell upon a board fence, breaking two upper boards, and continuing with such velocity as to slide three rods after striking the ground. The body was crushed, scalded, and doubled up in the most shocking shape, with limbs and many other bones broken. This victim was about twenty four years old, and a son in law of David Reed, proprietor of a hotel opposite the mill. Riggs leaves a widow and one child. Nathan Rideout, the third victim, was standing in he engine room at the time of explasion. He had not removed his overcoat to begin work when the fireman started the engine, but was in the act of doing so when the shock came. His body was thrown several rods, and his limbs were wedged into a lumber pile. His clothing was torn entirely from his person with the exception of his shirt, which was wound around his neck. Rideout was a single man, twenty years old, and came a few months ago from Winn, Me., where his relations reside.

Among the five men wounded was John Pepperman, whose injuries are fatal. Besides being badly scalded in several places his head was severely wounded by flying timbers. He is single, and about twenty five years old. James Campbell was painfully scalded and disfigured about the face and head. Levan Moyer's arm was broken, his head bruised, and his body scalded. Grant Huff, a son of the dead fireman, sustained a painful dislocation of the hip and scalds about his face and head. Alfred Reed was scalded and cut in the forehead. The only wonder is that others in the vicinity were not killed or injured, as the missiles of destruction flew long distances in every direction.

Maxwell, the lessee of the mill, rented it, boiler and all, of A. S. Turner, a lumberman, of Elmira, N. Y. He believes the boiler was in good condition, and can only account for its explosion upon the theory that an enemy or some grossly mischievious boys had been tampering with it over night. A light fire was kept under the boiler from the previous evening, and it is stated that boys on other occasions had got in and turned off the water, ignorantly rendering such a disaster liable. Several nights in succession during the past week the water had in some manner been drawn from the boiler, but in the morning the defect was remedied each time after starting up. The fireman had had long experience, and would hardly fail to examine the water gauge before starting the engine. The loss on the mill and machinery is estimated at $4,000. The insurance is unavailable, owing to the nature of the accident. A searching investigation as to the causes of the explosion will be instituted.

Another One.

FONTAINE, Ind., Nov. 17.—The boiler of the Coal Bluff mining company exploded this morning. James Hurst, John and Wm. Kyle were scalded to death and two others seriously injured.

Slugger Sullivan's Science.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 17.—Ten thousand people filled the large armory of Battery D to witness an exhibition of pugilistic skill that proved the finest and most orderly seen in Chicago for many years. John L. Sullivan appeared on the stage twice, sparring with the Maori and Steve Taylor, and giving a splendid exhibition of his skill. After the entertainment Sullivan offered Paddy Ryan two alternatives as to the latter's wish to meet him, offering to fight Ryan on equal terms as before, with the agreement that if the latter stood up during four rounds he should have the entire gate receipts, or that they should spar with gloves, each taking fifty per cent. of the receipts, Sullivan showing no mercy. Ryan has accepted the latter proposition.

Gas Works on Fire.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 17.—A loud explosion was heard in the vicinity of the Gas company's property, and immediately after one of the buildings in connection with the works was discovered in flames. The fire was in the exhaust and meter house, a two-story pitched roof building, with granite facings. All the windows and doors of the building were blown out and those of the adjoining buildings blown in. The fire blazed fiercely for a short time, but was soon got under control. The building was pretty thoroughly burned out and men are now removing the debris. The exact amount of the loss cannot be established, but it is probably heavy. The building was insured in the London and Lancashire office. It is supposed escaping gas caused the explosion.

The Dinsmore Suit.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.—The examination in the Jersey Central Reading railroad suit was continued here. Charles Hewitt was the first witness. He bought eighty four shares of Jersey Central stock on June 1 in view of the lease having been made by the Reading railroad. He considered the setting aside of the lease would be injurious to his interests as a stockholder. In answer to Mr. Conkling witness stated that he paid 81⅝ for the stock and that he gave a proxy to Mr. E. C. Knight to vote at the meeting held in July.

Sensational War Rumors in Paris.

PARIS, Nov. 17.—Considerable excitement was caused here last evening by a report to the effect that the French troops at Sontay had been beleaguered by the Chinese and were in imminent danger; also that Admiral Courbet had sent a despatch to the government acknowledging the receipt of Premier Ferry's order to burn Canton if it was necessary. The government officials deny that there is any basis for these rumors, and one man has been arrested for spreading the rumors on the bourse.

Rigorous But Just.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Lieut. Col. A. P. Morrow, 6th Calvary, found guilty by a court martial of drunkenness and duplication of pay accounts, has been sentenced by the president to suspension from service on half pay for one year and to be placed at the foot of the list of lieutenant colonels. Clemency was recommended in this case by the court as well as by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan for meritorious services during the war.

A good handkerchief for 6 cts. at Garmans. 3

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 18, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. John H. Orvis President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. J. G. Larrimer, Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 1 st da. of Sep., 1883, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Nov next being the 26th day of Nov. 1883, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Nov., in the year of our Lord 1883, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

V. S. C., L.

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Remnants of laces and trimmings from ½ to 3 yards at 10 cents each.

Job lot of buttons at 10c per dozen.

Gents hose 5c per pair. Ladies hose in stripes and solid colors at 9c, 3 pairs for 25 cents.

Gent's undervests 24, 30 to 50 cts and upwards.

Ladie's skirts from 47c up.

Imitation of India shawls at $1.40, can't be told from one costing $3,000.

A good traveling satchel $1.

Pocket handkerchiefs from 4c up.

Bed spreads at 98 cents. Horse blankets at 98c. Prints 5 cents per yard. Plum black, garnet and brown dress goods at 8c per yard. Goods in other departments equally as cheap. Some special bargains in glass and queensware. Goblets 55c per dozen; pretty glass sets 38c. Groceries—just weights and fresh goods—at the very lowest prices. Granulated sugar 10c per pound. Valencia raisins and fine Turkey prunes, 3 pounds for 25 cents. New buck-wheat flour at 98 cents in ⅛ sacks.

We have all goods we advertise.

Highest price paid for produce.

VALENTINE'S STORE CO., LIM,
General Merchants,
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

D. & R.

DINGES & REARICK, CENTRE HALL.

Penns Valley Bargain Store.

Our line of Zephyrs and yarns is very full and complete.

An assortment of fine ladies' Jersey waists are selling fast—see them before they are all.

Our line of men's, ladies, misses and children's hose is unsurpassed—a big bargain in misses all wool, at 25c.

Examine our line of ladie's and gent's underwear.

We have 24 dozen of one kind of gent's white, all wool, shirts and drawers that we offer at 60 cents. See them and you will buy.

We only mention these few things from our complete stock.

1Oct3m DINGES & REARICK.

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.

136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25, worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes..1 50 worth 2 50
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 50
" four button Walking Shoes	50c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 50
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket "	45c	"	50
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	40c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies " "	1 00 & 1 25	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed	00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us			5 for 1 50 to 2 00

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.

We Are Overstocked.

10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 5½. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6½.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS. SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting			8c elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids			8, 10, 12 elsewhere 12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	38, 50, 60, 75	"	75, 90, 1 00, 1 25
Another lot Brocaded Satteens			16c elsewhere 30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens			12½c elsewhere 30
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet			12½ old price 35

One Lot of Embroideries, about 5,000 Yards, at One-Half Price.

The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose..... 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon....25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose..... 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

june 28 LYON & CO.

WOLF & SON

AT THE OLD STAND

CENTRE HALL,

HAVE RECEIVED A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

NONE FINER IN THIS COUNTY. FROM THE MOST STYLISH DRESS GOODS DOWN TO ANYTHING COMMONLY KEPT BY A GENERAL STORE AND AT BIG BARGAINS.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c
Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kep

NEW DRUG STORE

AT SPRING MILLS, PA.,

situated in the North-east Corner of the SPRING MILLS HOUSE.

DRUGS, SPICES and PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds.

TOILET ARTICLES and FANCY GOODS.
Also TOBACCO & SEGARS, and CONFECTIONERY of all kinds.

Spectacles a Specialty.

Being an apothecary of experience prescriptions will be accurately compounded.

C. E. AURAND, *Druggist,*
sep 27y *Spring Mills, Pa.*

New Brockerhoff House.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r.
Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law
Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8mar1f

MARK TWAIN'S LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI,
A NEW BOOK.
Agents Wanted.
Write for Terms.
CHARLES L. WEBSTER,
658 Broadway, N. Y.

USE KREIDER'S EXTRA-PURE NEW FAMILY, KILN-DRIED CORN-MEAL
For Sale by GROCERY AND PROVISION DEALERS
ITS QUALITY CAN NOT BE EXCELLED - TRY IT TO PROVE THAT
Circular to the trade, mailed free on application by postal card. Address, JOHN G. KREIDER, Milton Grove, Pa. 7nov3m

Estray.—A horse with saddle and bridle, came to the premises of the undersigned, several weeks ago. The horse is a bay about 6 years old, right hind foot white. Owner is requested to come for his property and pay costs.
23aug3m JAS. R. WOLF, Rebersburg

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,
On L. & T. R. R.
FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery.
Healthy Locality.

TERMS REASONABLE.
J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor
SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.
may1

BUSH HOUSE
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
28june tf

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

DR. G. W. KLINE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Potters Mills, Pa.
All calls, day and night, promptly attended to. Has had several years successful practice. h 11jun6m

WM. A. SANDOE,
MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA,
Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under D. W. A. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.
He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. mar29y

SMITH'S GERMAN OLIO!

The Great German Remedy
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver and Kidneys.
For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine, at 50 Cents a Bottle.
Prepared and sold at Wholesale by the
GERMAN OLIO COMPANY,
(LIMITED,)
32 Willow Street, Williamsport, Pa.
PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE AGENCY:
Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch St.
Smith, Kline & Co., 309 and 311 North 3rd street.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14mdr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may2 7y

CENTRE HALL HOTEL,
D. J. MEYER, Prop'r.
FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

CENTRE HALL
Carriage Shops.
J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.
(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)
:o:
Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS
SLEIGHS
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices low and all work turned out first-class.
COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

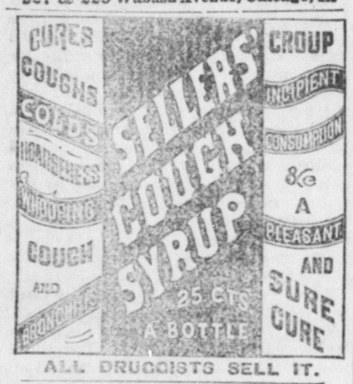
Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

WANTED.—LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW Fancy work at their homes, in city or country; can earn $4 to $12 per week, making goods for us; all or spare time; send 15c. for sample and particulars. HUDSON MFG CO. 1loct1m 237 Sixth Ave., New York

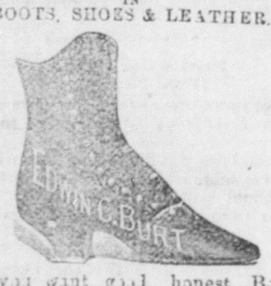
OThe BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent **free** to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill



ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

GRAHAM & SON,
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:
E. C. BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.
HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.
J. H. BYRMESS'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.
In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of
MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS.
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS
of every description, at the lowest figures.
☞Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERHOFF ROW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A
17may

It is expected that cars will be running on the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern railroad in February.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the **Scientific American** sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS, Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents. Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all styles

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO.,
CENTRE HALL.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
WM WOLF, Pres. W. B. MINGLE, Cashier

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits and
Allow Interest;
Discount Notes;
Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons.
JAS A. BEAVER, Pres. J D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

STEAM BENDING SHOPS,
AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
1loct y J. B. REAM & SON.

A HUSBAND'S SEX IN DISPUTE.

The Matrimonial Mixture and Mystery in Waupun, Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 1.—The developments in the Waupun matrimonial mixture continue to be the one topic of conversation, but they show no motive for Mrs. Hudson's eccentric escapade, unless her object was to hide her identity. It seems improbable that the girl, Gertrude Fuller, could have been ignorant of the facts; but that these two women were actually married by a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel under the roof of the bride's mother and in the presence of the family and friends, and that for a period of eight months they had lived together as man and wife, have appeared in public, and made many acquaintances, with no breath of suspicion as to the real condition of things, stand as facts.

Frank Dubois (Mrs. Hudson) and his (her) wife and sister have gone to Brandon. The impression that is fast gaining ground among people refusing to believe that the young wife could have been deceived as to the sex of her husband is that she at least was in the secret, although perhaps the stepmother, Mrs. Hewitt, who has repeatedly declared that Dubois is a man, may have been deceived. The theory that Gertrude Fuller consented to live with Mrs. Hudson as Frank Dubois, in order to shield her from suspicion regarding her sex, is the only one compatible with the fact that Dubois and Hudson's wife are one and the same person, if it be a fact, and few here doubt it. The marriage is the only thing that has prevented the truth coming to light before, as Dubois, although doing work of all kinds, had a short, stout, womanish figure, and a walk hardly to be called manly. He smoked, chewed, and swore like a trooper. The couple are supposed to be in Brandon at present, she wife and her sister having left here to join the husband there, with the avowed intention of bringing him home to prove his sex.

Hudson first obtained a clue to his wife's whereabouts through an anonymous letter thought to have been written by a former Fond du Lac woman, now residing here. Gertrude claims that Hudson is a shiftless, good-for-nothing, whom Dubois had helped in times gone by, and that rather than have the man and his children quartered on him for the winter he skipped out. While in Fond du Lac Mrs. Hudson, who helped support the family, was known to have hired livery rigs and driven off attired in men's clothes, presumably to prosecute her courtship of the unsophisticated Waupun girl. It is reported, too, that the strangely mated couple were traced to Brandon, where they spent one day and then departed for a more congenial clime. The latest gossip from Waupun is that Hudson will swear out a warrant for the arrest of his wife.

BUTLER AND TILDEN.

The Governor's Reference to the Sage of Greystone.

BOSTON, Oct. 29.—The peculiar reference to Tilden in Gov. Butler's speech at Spencer has caused much comment. The governor said:—"There has been got up in Boston a little embryo rebellion. Colonel Codman and about twenty-five others of his kidney have got together and chosen committees to go to the wards and see that there are no frauds—I believe twenty-five to a ward—and then Colonel Codman says that the legislature will be called upon if there is any occasion for it. That is to say, if Robinson don't get a majority they will throw out the precincts that they say are fraudulent. Well, we will see about that. (Applause.) That is to say, if the people of the commonwealth elect me, the legislature is going to throw out votes enough not to elect me—to prevent my election under the direction of Col. Codman. It is the best symptom of the campaign. Men do not get ready for revolution, when, as they say, they are sure of nearly 20,000 majority, and I am not going to get but 25,000 votes in Boston. (Laughter.) Then, why all this cry of fraud in advance? Why threaten the people if their candidate chances to be elected, that the legislature will count him out? Well, now, I want it distinctly understood my name is not Tilden. (Tremendous applause and cheers, lasting for several minutes and breaking out again and again.) I say my name is not Tilden; and if I am elected governor of Massachusetts I shall take the seat and exercise the power, Codman or no Codman. (Tremendous applause.) No, my friends, no little rebellion here. I have smelt gunpowder, and I shall not be frightened by garlic. (Great Laughter.) The people, if they elect a governor, will have one, and I advise every man to take that well to heart. (Great applause.) I make no threats; I only insist that the people shall have their rights. No more 8 to 7 business in this country, neither in the nation nor in the state. It never can come again where I have anything to do with it. (Applause.) I thought it best to say so much, lest somebody should make a mistake about it."

NEW YORK, Oct 29.—The World has this special from Boston: The political leaders in the state have been holding counsel and both parties profess to be confident of success. It is plain to all candid observers, however, that there is no real confidence on either side. The republicans are the loudest to talk about getting a large majority, but that they are really alarmed is groven by the fact that they are making a desperate effort to raise money. Butler is worn out with hard work and is losing his temper.

A Very Valuable Head of Hair.

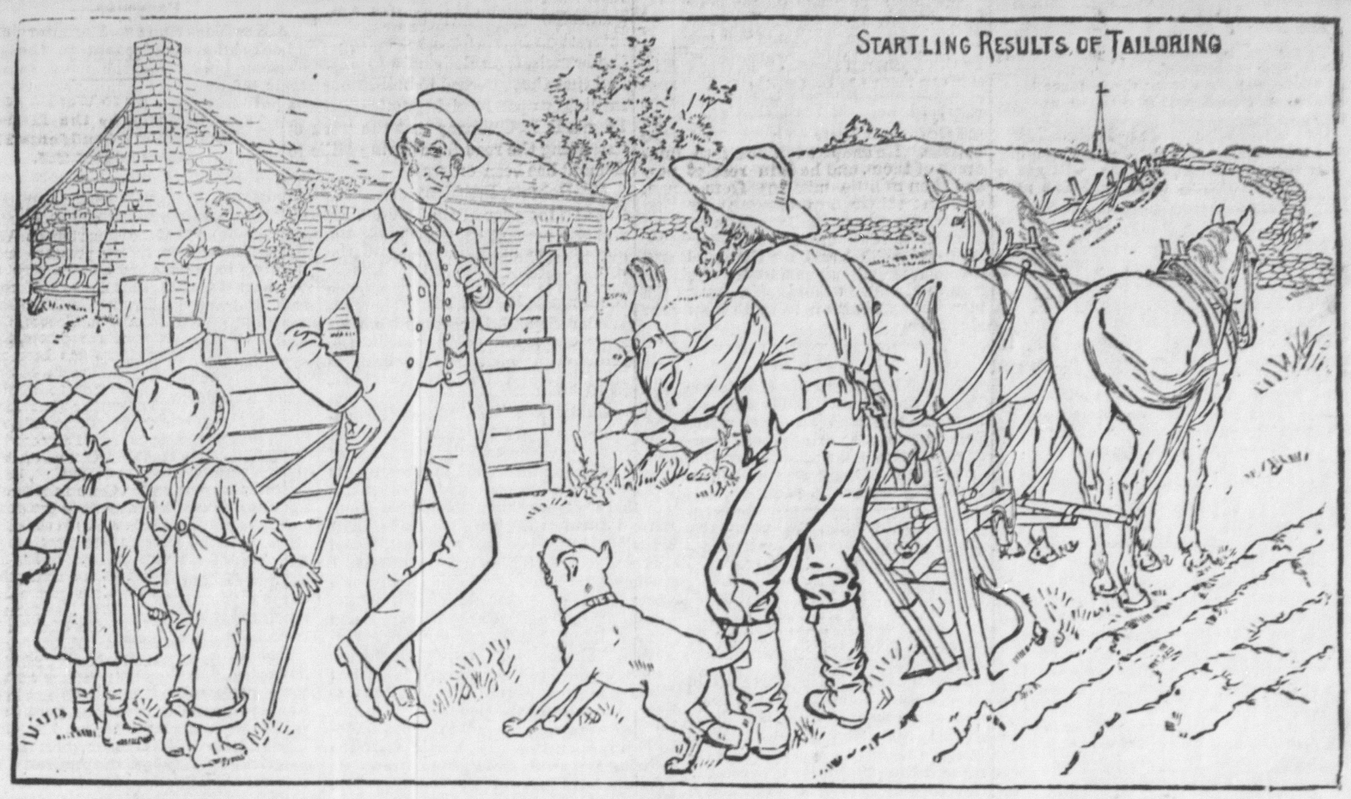
CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—Miss Helen Close began a suit here Saturday against Mrs. M. J. McGlashan, who advertises her business as that of a "scalp surgeon." The plaintiff alleges that she was in possession of a head of hair rare in color, length and thickness; that while having it treated in Mrs. McGlashan's office it was so entangled that defendant was unable to straighten it out; that while pretending to disentangle it the doctor removed half of it with shears; that afterward she bathed it with a preparation which turned the scalp black, and that plaintiff has since been unable to disentangle the remainder, and had been compelled to cut it all off close to the head. Miss Close lays her damages at $3,000.

Bears at a Mass Meeting.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 30.—A special to The Sun from Easton, Talbot county, Md., says a large Republican mass meeting was held there yesterday. All the colored people of county took a holiday and came to town. Mr. Holton, republican candidate for governer, Gen. Adam E. King and others addressed the meeting and were attentively listened to. Other speakers followed, and when the meeting was at its height a fellow with three trained bears appeared upon the scene and the negroes all left the meeting to see the bears dance and climb trees. The speaking was nearly stopped. It is charged that the democrats employed the man with the bears to break up the meeting by drawing off the colored people.

An Eminent Man's Death.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 1.—Armisted Burt, one of the oldest and most learned lawyers in South Carolina, died suddenly while alone in his office at Abbeville. He was a member of congress from 1843 to 1850 and was speaker of the house of the thirtieth congress.



The Clothing Business of the Period.

The demand is for a **great stock, for novel styles, for finer workmanship,** for better finish. The day has passed in which mere goodness will do in a clothing stock. It must unite goodness with bigness, variety with style, and top all with economy. If Oak Hall did not do *all* this in the strongest and best way we could not claim your business. We *do* offer you the biggest, best, and cheapest retail clothing stock in the United States, and we simply want to tell you that it will not pay you to go elsewhere for your winter outfit. If you do not propose to visit Philadelphia, send for our new catalogue.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

Oak Hall,

South-East Corner Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY,
jun22tf Centre Hall

HARDWARE
HARDWARE
HARDWARE
—TO—
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.
—ARE SELLING—
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPER SECTIONS AND
REAPERS,
REAPERS,
And all kinds of Farming Tools,
RAKES, FORKS,
SCYTHES,
ROPE BLOCKS,
SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.
—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.
JAS. HARRIS & CO.

Cards—Attorneys.

C. P. HEWES,
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all the Courts. Office in the Furst building, Bellefonte. 2maytf

JOHN BLAIR LYNN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont.
feb tf

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conrad building, Bellefonte

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law
Consultations in English and German. Office in Furst's new buildin

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by
EISNER & MENDELSON, 320 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"PURITAS."

The celebrated vegetable Blood Purifier. It immediately cures Headache, Constipation, Purifies the Skin. Mailed anywhere upon receipt of 25 cents. Unsurpassed for Children. EISNER & MENDELSON,
320 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufacturers---

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,
D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,
Mens Fine Shoes

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, Pa.

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always have done: treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,
In New Addition to Bush's Arcade
BELLEFONTE, PA

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

☞Cash paid for all kinds of hides
26aptf

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

SECHLERS!
SECHLERS!
SECHLERS

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family
GROCERIES AND
GROCERIES AND
PROVISIONS,
PROVISIONS,
Such as
TEAS, COFFEES.
SUGARS, SPICES.
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.
FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,
Together with
GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.
at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.
MEAT MARKET.
Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

SPRING MILLS
Plaining Mill

☞The place to buy your best☜ and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Kape & Co.,
Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of
FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.
Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.
MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.
1y17may

General Crook's Wooing.

[New York Evening Post.]

Now that Gen. Crook is so conspicuously before the public, it is with peculiar interest that a friend recalls the romantic circumstances which immediately preceded, if they did not actually promote, the marriage of that gallant officer with his present wife, formerly Miss Mary Dailey, of Virginia.

The preliminaries of this interesting event occurred during the last year of the war at Oakland, Maryland, a charming mountain resort, 2,800 feet above the sea-level, that was discovered by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in its exploration of a primeval forest track along the border line between Maryland and Virginia. As the railroad became, in course of time, a grand fact in the history of engineering, the company built hotels at various points of the route for the accommodation of their passengers. Oakland before the war consisted of the few cabins and cottages and a church and express office about one of these large and well-ordered houses, called the Glades hotel. The place was already famous as a deer-hunting and trout-fishing ground, and the hotel register became interesting as an autograph album filled with the signatures of more or less distinguished foreigners (notably Englishmen), whose love of sport had led them to cast their lines for a season in these pleasant places. It was in this neighborhood that Brownius, the famous backwoodsman and hunter, pursued for so many years his perilous calling; and then in homely but vigorous language recorded his successes in one of the most original manuscripts ever submitted to a publisher. Here, too, his brave daughter, an unfailing shot, roamed the forests and the hills alone day after day with her trusty rifle, until, laden with spoils, she returned to her father's cabin.

A Virginia family of the name of Dailey came to spend the summer at Oakland the year before the war. The father was a genuine specimen of the Virginia country gentleman of that day—courteous, jovial, hospitable to a fault; the mother a quiet housewifely lady, devoted to her son and two daughters. The day came that made a sensation even in Oakland—the hotel was to change hands; there was to be a sale by auction. At the appointed hour Mr. Dailey sauntered in to kill time. When he went home to dinner he gave his wife a great shock by saying, "Ma, I've bought the hotel over yonder!" It is possible that the difficulty of "keeping a hotel" was not then so profoundly impressed upon the popular conviction as in this later day. At all events, Mr. Dailey bravely undertook the task and succeeded to the complete satisfaction of all whom he entertained.

His own corps of family negroes were brought into requisition, and notable among these was Cynthy, the old foster-nurse of Mars Jim, a young man still in his teens. This tall old yellow woman had assumed the duties of cook, and with them all that this implied of absolute despotism in the kitchen. It was matter for much amusement to the guests at the Glades to see the troop of colored waiters rush with suspicious simultaneousness from her domain back into the dining-room when some unwelcome order had been delivered by one of them. But this was only on Cynthy's bad days. There were often one, two, three in succession, when the mistress of the house found it very wise to absent herself from the kitchen, and when she confessed herself in moral terror of her own indulged slave. At these times it was recognized that no one but Mars Jim, her idol, could do anything with the old woman.

The central figure of this family picture was the oldest daughter, Miss Mary Dailey, now the wife of Gen. Crook. To a lithe, elastic, beautifully-rounded figure, somewhat under medium size, a bright face full of animation, blue eyes and light-brown slightly-curling locks, Mary Dailey added a charm of ready wit, always good-natured, and generous impulses of heart that made her a universal favorite. So admirably was she fitted to be a soldier's wife that, when the marriage was announced, her friends expressed themselves to this effect without a dissenting voice. It was by these exceptional qualities she was enabled to play well a very difficult role in those troublous times. Her family were ardently "secesh" in all their sympathies and affiliations, while the location of their property and its surroundings between those "two unequal fires"—the gray boys and the blue—placed them often in a peculiar predicament. There is no doubt that by her tact and personal popularity Mary Dailey, young as she was, did much to save her family and neighbors from the inevitable loss and suffering consequent upon their well-known southern proclivities.

A little anecdote in which she played a part went the rounds of the newspapers while she was still in her school days. On his way to Wheeling, in a private car, President Buchanan made the usual wait at Oakland station, where many persons assembled to be presented to the chief magistrate. When Mary's turn came, the exalted bachelor put the question to her that had served him throughout the interview: "And what state are you from, miss?" "From the same state as your excellency," she quickly replied, "the state of single blessedness!"

Another story my friend had from her own lips as they were walking through a new wing of the hotel, which before completion had been taken for a temporary barracks and hospital by the Union forces in possession of the road and encamped at this point. Some sick and wounded Union soldiers were brought in one day. Mary looked across from her window into the opposite rooms, where the poor fellows had been laid on blankets and mattresses. Her heart melted at the sight of the suffering enemy; she braved even the terrible Cynthy, who was none too fond of the "Yankee," and insisted upon making a large caldron of chicken broth for them. When it was done she carried a smoking bowlful in each hand to the window. One young fellow, pale and famished, took the savory mess and put it eargerly to his lips. "Hold on, Bob," sang out a comrade on the floor beside him, "may be that stuff is poisoned." The sick man hesitated for one moment, looked at Mary, whose eyes, frank as the day, doubtless flashed their indignant protest. "Oh, for shame," said he, "I'll trust that girl's face for my life. Here's thank'ee to you, miss," and down went the soup.

In the rapidly varying phases of the war on this borderland—the road now in possession of the government, now torn up, thirty miles in a night, by Jackson's Stonewall brigade—the personnel of the social circle at the hotel became curiously mixed, not to say embarrassing; secret or suspected sympathizers with the rebels took their soup and enjoyed their delicious mountain mutton, side by side with the very Union officers in protective command of the road. They smoked pipes of peace together on the veranda, and sang sentimental ballads to Miss Mary's accompaniment on the parlor piano. General Kelley was at the house at this time, with his two daughters, and from day to day he would drive about the mountain roads in his ambulance with a party that often included the author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way," who, by the by, wrote that stirring ballad, that Holmes called the finest lyric of the war, sitting on the veranda of the Glades hotel while all the rest of the guests had gone on a picnic—the very day of the battle of Antietam!

It was while Gen. Kelley was still in the house, going to and fro on the road, as the martial exigencies of the hour would call him, that young James Dailey and a devoted chum of his conceived the daring project of crossing the lines to join the southern army. They were both familiar with the almost impenetrable trails of the woods on the border, and they laid their plans accordingly. A few friends were in the secret. One capital raconteur undertook to keep the captain of the guard amused with tale and toddy far into the small hours of the appointed night; some women prayed and the general slept. The next morning one lady called the attention of another to the suggestive fact that the rubber-cloth piano-cover had disappeared. Later in the day Gen. Kelley discovered the departure and took in the situation at a glance. The mother of one son wept and wrung her hands. "Don't distress yourself, madam," said the general, with somewhat ironical condolence, "we will soon have them both back here!"—as if that were not her cruelest fear!" A party, headed by Gen. Kelly himself, was hastily mustered to pursue the fugitives. Hour succeeded hour of cruel anguish in the family, and of more or less excited anxiety to all in the house. But at last the soldiers returned, and the boys were not with them. No collusion or connivance on the part of any one could be proven. Perhaps the kindly officers were not over-eager to verify their possible suspicions; and the affair was hushed up.

The next report of "our laddies gone over the border" was an adventure in which they succeeded in turning the tables very neatly upon their former pursuer, Gen. Kelley. Gen. Crook was at this time associated with Gen. Kelley in the protection of the Baltimore & Ohio road, and owes to this circumstance his acquaintance and subsequent relations to the Dailey family at Oakland. The official headquarters, however, were located at a hotel in Cumberland, Maryland, a charmingly picturesque town on the road, half way between Piedmont and Oakland. It was in this lovely city, nestling in its bowl-shaped valley among "a thousand hills," that a party of cavalry in United States uniform—apparently a small scouting force returning with despatches—galloped straight to the general's headquarters, having taken the strange precaution of capturing their own pickets! Such was their important business, that they proceeded without ceremony to the bed-rooms of Generals Crook and Kelley, where these wearied warriors slept the sleep of good digestion and absolute security. The leader of the mysterous scouting party was a man of few words: "Get up, put on your clothes!" to each of the generals in turn, dazed and startled out of profound slumber, by the rude summons. In ten minutes, at the muzzles of revolvers, they had both made their toilets and were mounted at the door of the hotel. Surrounded by their volunteer body guard, they were led out of the dark and sleeping town, and hurried off to Richmond and to Libby prison. Jim Dailey and his friend were members of this raiding party, conspicuous for their zeal, and their personal recognition by both generals was probably the only amusing feature of the spirited affair. A gentleman who had held very friendly relations with General Kelley during the summer at Oakland, was then occupying a position in the secret service of the war department at Richmond. Through his advice, pressed upon Secretary Benjamin, Generals Kelley and Crook were released, as their reinstatement in command of the road was important to the interests of those unhappy southerners whose lives and property lay at the mercy of both friend and foe, on this critical line of sectional demarcation.

Later on another rumor of a still more romantic nature reached the ears of the scattered summer boarders, of a wounded Union general being carried to the hotel in the mountains; of his nurse, a little rebel maiden; and finally of the usual sequence of these given conditions: a capture by the sister as well as by the brother—an altar and a ring. In the recent redoubtable exploits of Gen. Crook among the Apaches, may we not perhaps discover the same strategy so successful in the tenderer engagements of his youth, when, penetrating into the enemy's country, he conciliated and captured the charming hostile, the subject of this sketch.

Sir W. Temple: To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good rule in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.

BEAUTY IN HOMESPUN.

What Southern Women Wore During the War---Curious Makeshifts Employed in Contriving Costumes.

[Mary W. Early in Philadelphia Times.]

Several histories and numberless sketches have been written describing the military straits to which our men were brought during the late war, but I do not know of any chronicler who has depicted the straits for clothes to which the women and girls of the southern Confederacy were reduced during the blockade. Our dry goods merchants had a pretty good stock on hand at the opening of the war, and this, with the supply we had ourselves, enabled us to get on without pressing inconvenience for the first year of the war. Then we resurrected from old chests and closets all the heirlooms we could find in the shape of ancient garments belonging to our mothers and our grandmothers, in which we looked very much like a set of grown-up "Kate Greenaway" figures. We began also to resort freely to the dyer, feeling the force of Goldsmith's line, slightly altered: "The only refuge is to dye." Fortunately there was a woolen factory in Richmond during the war (the Crenshaw mills) that turned out very soft, good woolen cloth. There was also one, I believe, at Scottsville, a little town seventy miles from Richmond, on the James river and Kanawha canal, and one at Bousack's, in southeastern Virginia. These two latter factories, though they by no means furnished dainty fabrics, were still of great assistance in clothing the people of Virginia. There were several cotton cloth factories in operation in North Carolina during the war, and from these we drew a large part of the cotton cloth used in Virginia then.

In the country we had to resort to the loom, which on all old Virginia plantations was used for supplying the negroes partially, if not entirely with clothing. Elderly negro women were set apart to spin and weave for the others. They carried on their work generally in a cellar, their wild, sweet, mournful hymns mingling with the sound of the shuttle or the monotonous hum of the wheel. It was not music of so high an order as Schubert's or Gounod's "Spinning-wheel Song," but it had a distinctive character and charm of its own, and was filled with a weird and plaintive sweetness, the like of which I have never heard except in the singing of tobacco factory hands. During the war homespun dresses were a good deal used by the Virginia country ladies for every-day wear, and I have seen some of these dress that looked really pretty and jaunty on fresh young girls. The dyes (as well as the cloth) were a home production. Ivy leaves, set with alum, made a pretty gray; sumac leaves and chinquapin bark made black; maple bark made a bright purple, and beech bark made a green dye. Speaking of homespun reminds me of a homespun ball given by one of the Richmond belles, not during the war, as some might reasonably suppose, but a year or two before, and said to be one of the most charming and successful entertainments ever given in Richmond. On this occasion all the young ladies appeared in costumes of homespun, made up in a hundred pretty, fanciful and picturesque styles.

The men of the Confederacy, those in the army, at least, fared much better with respect to clothes than the women did, the government providing them with uniforms imported from abroad through the blockade. Occasionally too, a women would get a prize in the shape of a trunk or a box of new clothes smuggled through the blockade, in which case her toilet would be the envy and admiration of all her feminine friends. Persons who had friends or relatives in Baltimore, Philadelphia or other northern cities would sometimes be favored with a box of "store clothes." I remember such a box being sent from Philadelphia to acquaintances of mine in Richmond, who became, in consequence, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." A plaid ribbon in this box was lent by turns to various friends, who looked on it as a rare and dainty ornament, something almost equal to the ribbon of the order of the garter. The writer wore it to an elegant entertainment in Richmond the last winter of the war.

What Thomas Hughes Says.

[Cor. Cleveland Leader.]

"I have been greatly interested in what I have seen of the New York stock exchange," Mr. Hughes said. "Coming up the bay from Sandy Hook I noticed a lot of little boats putting out for our vessels, and some of your officials boarded. Your newspapers were distributed, and I noticed that your citizens turned to one column of the paper. I was talking to a fellow at the time and I did not want to break off the conversation. But I noticed in casually glancing over the shoulder of some one that the column everyone was interested in was 'prosperous bulls.' I thought of course that this referred to my own country, but I found afterward that it referred to your doings on this floor. [Laughter.] So I concluded that the American people regard as of the first importance what takes place here." Mr. Hughes said that America was the only country in the world in which to make money, but England was the best country to spend money in.

Looking at the Brighter Side.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Human life is full of its strange ups and downs, but if we could only persuade ourselves to remember the ups and forget the downs we should be the happier for it. We are seldom as miserable as we think we are. When a single hornet stings us we need not swear that we ran against a hornet's nest and that the whole swarm came out and stung us until our bodies swelled to the size of Jumbo. Learn a lesson from the Irishman. Two brothers were rolling a huge log down a hill. One end rolled faster than the other, and Pat put his arms around it to stop it. The log rolled on, however, and one minute Pat was under the log groaning, and the next minute he was on top of the log roaring for help. His brother, with a true Irishman's wit, took in the situation at a glance, and cried out: "Hold on tight, Pat, for you are on top half the time any way."

LIBRARIES FOR SHOW.

The Purchase of Books by Ignorant Parvenus.

A New York Sun reporter interviewed a book-seller with regard to the purchase of books for the mere sake of their bindings by ignorant parvenus. "I have been sent for several times this year," said the salesman, "to measure the shelves of libraries in new houses, to find out the number of books required to fit them up. Books are an important item in house furnishing. The comfortable old-time sitting-room has made way for the formal library. As a library without books would hardly do, house owners are bound to have them whether they possess literary tastes or not. Besides, they add tone and color to a room. A customer recently said to me, frankly enough: 'I don't pretend to read anything except the papers; but there's a home feeling in having books around; they look well, too, and sort of encourage the children.' He told me to be 'sure and "chuck" in a few big ones to put on the tables.' Another harmless fellow, who wanted the reputation of a man of culture, always directed us to put in some books that had been used a little. He once told me that he was bound to have a library as big as his neighbor's, and whenever the latter ordered a new stand-up show case he was going to do the same. Some of these folks have queer ideas.

One of our customers insisted on having all his books bound after the same pattern and numbered. Some time afterward a friend told him that people were asking if he kept a circulating library; so he had morocco labels stuck on over the figures. But this only made the matter worse, for his guests were particular to ask him what the labels were for. At last, in sheer desperation, he sent the volumes to an auction-room, and we received his offer the next day for so many feet of books, each one differently bound. He wouldn't have even a two-volume edition of anything. A wealthy man once sent in great haste for a dealer, saying that he wanted his library closed out immediately and a new one bought. He was a speculator in produce, but some one had sold him a law library. He liked the uniform appearance of the volumes, and had made the purchase without reading the titles. His new books were to be illustrated, all of them. When I first went into the business I was surprised to see at a customer's house an extravagantly-bound copy of Shakespeare's works in the German language. I knew the man did not understand German, and the circumstance puzzled me. I found out afterward that a bookseller had loaded him up with a very unsalable article by telling him that every gentlemen ought to have a copy of Shakespeare's works in the original.

"No; house furnishers do not often buy the books for a library, but they frequently give directions as to binding. They look for light, elegant, and well-contrasted colors, or for heavy antique morocco or Russia bindings suited to the character of the room. As a rule, the owner of the house thinks himself competent to buy his own books, though he seeks aid from us in making his choice. I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to refurnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books; but he looked over the titles and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all of the standard 'thorities in anyway, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out 'In the Meshes'—which he supposed to be a book on fishing—because he was no angler. 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works: and wouldn't have the biographies of the presidents, they all lied so. These men do not bother us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have 'left out the dictionary—the most important work of all—from a complete edition of Daniel Webster's works.'"

The Church Bell War.

[New York Letter.]

As the senate committee on education and labor seems to have a sort of roving commission, I don't see why it should not take up the church bell question in which some New Yorkers are just now deeply interested—Jackson Schultz, the leather man, more than any one else. You have heard of Jackson Schultz. Every one has heard of him. There are some, in fact, who frankly say they heard quite enough of Jackson Schultz, and some still more frank, who say they have heard too much of him. Mr. Schultz is a great reformer. He wants to reform everything. He is convinced that the world will never go right till it is remodeled on a plan drawn by Jackson Schultz. Mr. Schultz lives near St. George's church, which has a bell that is rung early every morning. The ringing of the bell annoys him. He could easily move away from the neighborhood of the bell, but he does not propose to do that. What he does propose to do is to suppress the bell. And not only that bell, but all other church bells. This fight will go on, he says, till every church bell in New York is stopped. Church bells must go. They are a nuisance, and quite unnecessary, and their doom is sealed. Mr. Schultz has been joined in his crusade by another man, who makes complaint against another bell connected with an institution belonging to the Little Sisters for the Poor. That bell must be suppressed, too, the other man says. It rings him up when he don't want to get up, and makes him uncomfortable in various ways. Jackson Schultz, and the other man, are determined to carry on the fight at all hazards, and "arouse a public sentiment that will sweep every church bell out of existence."

"By Foolery Thrive."

[Inter Ocean.]

Peck, of Peck's Sun, and author of "The Bad Boy," to an interviewer of The Boston Traveler said that his mother often asked him why he made such a fool of himself. His reply was, of course, "because it is the most profitable thing a wise man can do."

HIGH-PRICED CIGARS.

The Weeds That Bring Fancy Prices and the Men Who Buy Them.

[New York Sun.]

A young man with neatly brushed hair and a light-blue necktie stood behind a cigar stand in a fashionable and well-known cafe up town the other day. It was very dull, as the Wall street men had not begun to drop in on their way home, and the loungers had wandered out on Broadway. In the case were cigars of every variety, from the ordinary 10-cent kind to wicked and powerful looking things ten inches long.

"The law compels us to sell the cigars out of the boxes just as we buy them," said the clerk feeling for the sprouts of a budding mustache. "Formerly we had a set of beautifully polished rosewood trays, but we had to throw them aside."

Every box bore a small illuminated card, on which was the retail price of the cigars. These cards were 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 45, 50 and 80 cents, and two boxes were marked $1 and $1.50 a piece respectively. There were no cigars missing from the 45-cent box, though the 50-cent one was almost empty. The clerk said that if a man bought a high-priced cigar he preferred to pay the extra 5 cents and get one for half a dollar rather than 45 cents.

"At one time we thought it would add tone to the stand," said the clerk, "to take off all price tags, but we found it wouldn't work. Customers cannot remember the names of cigars and resort to the figures for identification. Besides, the ignorance of the price often led to awkward situations. A man would stop at the stand on his way out with some friends and say:

"'Gimme some cigars.'

"'What kind?'

"Well, he would look about blindly for a time and finally order half a dozen of the kind that struck his fancy. If they happened to be the 80-cent or dollar variety, he would pay the bill, but he would never buy of us again. So we put the tags back again."

"Do you sell many cigars at a dollar apiece?"

"The sale is very uneven. Sometimes the box will lie for weeks untouched, and then again there will be a sudden rush on them. I have smoked a dollar-and-a-half cigar," said the clerk with a proud smile.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Not for a cent. It was given to me one night by a prominent broker who had just made a big turn on the street and felt generous. He bought fifty of them, and handed them to whoever he met. I took mine home, and after dinner on Sunday I invited some friends in and I smoked it. Well, I s'pose I'm not up in extra fine cigars, for I didn't get a bit of comfort out of that one. It was so strong that it parched my throat and left an unpleasant taste."

"Don't you consider $1 and $1.50 apiece purely fancy prices?"

"Well, I don't know but they are a bit spectacular. A cigar can be so good and no better. On the highest-priced wholesale list the most expensive cigar is the Para la Nobleza, which sells to the trade for $413 a thousand. This is a little over 41 cents apiece. They are retailed at any price above 50 cents. We can't sell them at 50, because, singularly enough, everybody who buys a 50-cent cigar expects three for $1."

"What men buy very high-priced cigars?"

"Nearly all of our customers buy as high as 30 cents, and we sell hundreds of 50-cent cigars. The purchasers of the very expensive ones are a few men whom I could count off on my fingers. They buy them because they are so very expensive, and not because they like the flavor. I suppose that if we had cigars at $3 apiece, there would be purchasers."

Queer Device of a Gambler.

[Portland Oregonian.]

William Petty, a man who was at once recognized by the police as a gambler well known about this city, was arrested for creating a disturbance in an up-town saloon. He was taken to the city jail, and upon being searched there was found upon him, among other things, two United States coins, mutilated in a most peculiar manner. One was a twenty-dollar gold piece, and the other a silver dollar. Upon one side of each coin was hollowed out a place nearly equal in size to a five-dollar piece. In this were fitted a couple of springs, which connected with a sliding piece of the rim, and which were evidently intended to hold something firmly in the hollow space. Many were the conjectures among the policemen as to what purpose this new-fangled device might be put. The most plausible explanation of the mutilated coins at first seemed to be that they were intended to steal five-dollar pieces in a game. This was upset, however, by one of the boys, who was familiar with all the tricks of the "greeks." According to his knowledge, these mutilated coins were in use a great deal by the tin-horn gamblers throughout the west. They were intended to conceal within this hollow a small mirror, and thus while lying undetected upon the table at an angle of forty-five degrees, behind a stack of similar coin, in front of the dealer, the latter could, by a little easily acquired skill, know by means of a mirror to a certainty every card held by any one or all of his opponents. A man who should chance to play in any game where this little "racket" was being worked by a successful "greek" would be absolutely giving his money away without even the excitement of a possible chance for winning. The game is not unknown to professional gamblers, but probably is to the general public.

The Multicharge Gun.

[Texas Siftings.]

The Lyman-Haskell multicharge gun is almost completed, and experiments will be begun at Sandy Hook in a short time. It is proposed to fire a ball through iron the thickness of three feet, which is from thirty to fifty per cent. heavier than any ship can carry. Mr. Haskell claims that his gun will project a ball at least fifteen miles, which is six miles further than any other cannon has been able to send a missile.

OLD LETTERS.

[Earl of Roslyn.]

It seems but yesterday she died, but years
Have passed since then; the wondrous change of time
Makes great things little, little things sublime,
And sanctifies the dew of daily tears.
She died, as all must die; no trace appears
In history's page, nor save in my poor rhyme,
Of her, whose life was love, whose lovely prime
Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor fears.
It seems but yesterday; to-day I read
A few short letters in her own dear hand,
And doubted if 'twere true. Their tender grace
Seems radiant with her life! Oh! can the dead
Thus in their letters live! I tied the band,
And kissed her name as though I kissed her face.

Some Facts in the Fur Trade.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"I know a sporting man that bought a coat, the ornamental skin of which came from Maine. He wanted something striking and cheap, and what do you suppose he got? Give it up? Well, he calls and thinks it Australian mink, but it is good, honest American skunk—a good fur, too, and sells well, only the name would kill it if we retained it. Over 350,000 skunk skins are handled by the trade every year. New York and Ohio furnish the majority. They bring from the trapper 50 cents to a $1. They are deodorized by a new and satisfactory process, and are very popular under fancy names.

"What we call fur in the trade," said the expert, taking up a skin, "is this. You see, by spreading open the hair of this seal there are two kinds of hair; one, the fur that is short and lies close to the skin, and another the overhair that is long and what we see at a first glance of the animal. The difference between the two is very great, the fur being soft, downy, silky, and sometimes curly, while the overhair is coarse and rigid. Each has a peculiar value for many purposes, but particularly in felting; the fine, upon treatment to hot water, readily joins in a solid mass, while the long hair can be woven and spun. When the animal is alive the uses of the two hairs are seen. The fine underhair keeps out water and cold, while the overhair prevents felting and entangling. In some cases one is extremely valuable alone, and in others the combination is equally so.

"The house cat is one of the most valuable of the fur-bearing animals, and when they mysteriously disappear from the back fence they often find their way to the furrier. It is an actual fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house cats were used in the fur trade. Black, white, Maltese, and tortoise-shell skins are most in demand. They are made into linings, and used in philosophical apparatus.

Fritz's Dog Story.

[Texas Siftings.]

There was silence for a few minutes, which Fritz took advantage of to remark:

"I subbose you dinks dose American togs vas schmart, but dose togs must go to school sometimes yet before day comes up mit dose Schermany togs vat we have in de old counthrie."

The audience did not agree with Fritz. They insisted that the German dogs born and bred under a monarchical form of government were inferior in intellect to the free and intelligent canines of the United States, whereupon Fritz told a story about a dog once owned by Fritz's uncle, Baron von Schimelpfeng. The baron was in the habit of giving the dog a small coin every morning. The intelligent brute was in the habit of taking the coin to the butcher, and receiving in return a bone, which constituted the dog's breakfast. This happened every morning for almost a year. About a week before Christmas the butcher missed the morning visit of the dog, and for a whole week he did not put in an appearance. On Christmas morning, however, the dog trotted into the butcher's shop, and placing six small coins in the butcher's hand, pointed with his nose to a roast worth just about the amount of money offered. The animal, instead of buying a bone every day, had saved up his money for a whole week, and invested it in a square Christmas dinner."

Such was the story Fritz told his American friends with a perfectly straight face. One by one his audience slid off the barrels and counter, one of them remarking:

"It's no use trying to compete with an imported liar. He is old Munchausen himself, or whatever his name is." They moved to the door.

"I vash so sorry about dat tog. De togs in Schermany vas so schmart dat dot tog stood no show. If he had been schmart like de odder togs in Schermany he vould have bought dot meat on credit and given hish note for de amount, so mine uncle he gif dot tog avay."

"That'll do, Fritz; that'll do."

A Snuff "Dipping" Party.

Commenting on a sensational interview with some of the New York demimonde, published recently in a Philadelphia paper, M. Labouchere says:

So it would seem that 40 per cent. of the cigarettes sold in the United States are smoked by ladies. In Russia, I should imagine that the percentage is even greater; whilst in France, Germany and Italy the percentage consumed by the fair sex must be considerable. And why not? If men find pleasure in tobacco, why should women be arbitrarily excluded from the enjoyment of the same pleasure? When, many years ago, I was living in the United States, the young ladies at Washington were given to what they termed "dipping," a practice far more objectionable than smoking. A dipping party consisted of a number of girls squatting on the ground round a bowl in which there was a thick mixture of snuff and water. This they used to put into their mouths with sticks and rub it on their teeth, the theory being that it whitened them; but this, of course, was a mere excuse for what was equivalent to chewing.

AFTER THE PRIZE.

The Horse Reporter and the Author of a Bundle of Competing MSS.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Is the literary editor in?"

The horse reporter looked up and discovered a very pretty young lady standing in the doorway. "No," he replied, "he is not. The literary editor is a very affable will-o-the-wisp in rather tight pants, and the extent per week to which he is not in would surprise you if you only knew about it. He flits with airy grace through the building once or twice a week, and then like a beautiful vision with box-toed shoes, is gone."

"I would like to see the literary editor," said the young lady. "I want to compete for The Tribune's $10 prize for the best story. Do you think I would have any chance to win it?" and a pair of soft brown eyes looked wistfully into those of one who would soon be taking another bite of hard tobacco.

"I can't exactly tell," said the horse reporter. "It is more or less difficult, by simply looking at a person, to judge of her power of weaving from her surging brain the style of romance for which this paper is at present casting $10 worth of bread per week on the waters. The possession of a seal-brown dress, a hat with a long feather on it, and a pair of high-heeled shoes might indicate literary ability of a high order, and then again it might not. I should hate to try and pick out a budding Tennyson by the cut of his pants, or fish up from the realms of obscurity a mate to Harriet Beecher Stowe with only a collection of seal-skin sacques and $4 bangs to guide me."

"Oh, I forgot," said the young lady, blushing violently. "You want to see the story I have written, don't you, and then you can tell me whether I could win the prize or not."

"Yes," replied the admirer of St. Julien, "I should not only like to see the story, but I should also like to read some of it. The best judges agree that when a person is about to give a cold, critical judgment on a piece of literary work it is always best to previously read it. It has been found that the perusal frequently aids the critic materially in ascertaining the general drift of the effusion."

"Here is my story, sir," said the young lady, handing over a roll of manuscript. "Could you read it now?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in a cheerful tone. "I can dive through that in about three minutes."

For a few minutes there was silence. Then the horse reporter looked up from the manuscript to the maiden. "Does this duck finally marry the girl?" he asked. "Tommy Fresh, or whatever his name is?"

"Do you mean Vivian Dare?"

"Yes, that's him. Does Viv finally corral Lurline Loosehair?—I mean the one that is always talking about the ideality of the ideal. I'll bet she's a daisy for ice cream; that kind always are."

"You probably refer to Natalie Montressor, the heroine," said the young lady in a somewhat frigid tone. "Yes, they are united by the indissoluble tie of matrimony."

"By the what?"

"By the indissoluble tie of matrimony—they are wedded."

"Oh, that's it," said the horse reporter. "I thought they had fallen off the shot-tower together, or something like that. But you're driving a little too far from the pole, sis, when you talk about marriage being an indissoluble tie. As long as $6 will start a divorce suit the indissolubility of the matrimonial tie will have to take a back seat in one of the top rows."

"Do you think my story will answer?" said the young lady.

"I don't exactly like the ending of it," replied the horse reporter. "Just read that last sentence to me.

The young lady took the manuscript and read as follows:

"Not a breath of wind, not the faintest suggestion of a zephyr even, stirred the leaves of the linden trees—made crimson, and purple, and gold by the magic of an early frost—under which Vivian and Natalie were standing. The golden haze of an October morning was tinting the hills with its glory, and as Vivian bent his head and pressed on the beautiful face that was upraised to his the betrothal kiss, he said to her, 'I will never leave you again.'"

"Vivian said that, did he?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"Said in October, right after a frost had knocked the leaves endways, that he would never leave her again?"

"Yes, sir."

"That won't do. No young man with a head like that gets into our chaste columns. Why, he ought to have left her before noon that day."

"Why?" asked the young lady, "I really do not understand you."

"This story has 'em out there under the trees on a frosty October morning, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's no place for a young man who has the true Saxon spirit. He ought to be over on the board of trade buying corn. Any young man who puts in his frosty October morning making love will gather no moss."

"Then you don't think my story would be accepted?"

"Hardly—at least in its present state. You had better make Viv tell Natalie that he loves her with a wild, mad passion that makes him stub his toe when he thinks about it, but that he cannot ask her to be his bony bride until after the base ball championship is decided. That kind of an ending would have the true Chicago tinge."

"Good day, sir," said the young lady.

"Bon jour," replied the horse reporter. "Saw your story into shape and come around again."

Insanity Among Sheep-Herders.

["H. H." in The Century.]

The sheep ranches are usually desolate places; a great stretch of seemingly bare lands, with a few fenced corrals, blackened and foul smelling; the home and out-buildings clustered together in a hollow or on a hill side where there is water; the less human the neighborhood the better.

The loneliness of life is, of itself, a salient objection to the industry. Of this the great owners need know nothing; they can live where they like. But for the small sheepmen, the shepherds, and above all, the herders, it is a terrible life—how terrible is shown by the frequency of insanity among herders. Sometimes, after a few months of the life, a herder goes suddenly mad. After learning this fact, it is no longer possible to see the picturesque side of the effective groups one so often comes on suddenly in the wilderness; sheep peaceably grazing, and the shepherd lying on the ground watching them, or the whole flock racing in a solid, fleecy, billowy scamper up or down a steep hill-side, with the dogs leaping and barking on all sides at once. One scans the shepherd's face alone, with pitying fear lest he may be losing his wits.

Locking Up the Tower of London.

[Chicago Times.]

The American Register has been looking up the history of the tower of London, and finds that some curious ceremonies are still kept up in that grim old pile. That of locking up the tower of nights is the most ancient and certainly the most stately one. A few minutes before the clock strikes 11 the porter with an attendant appears before the main guard-house, carrying a lantern, and calls out "Escort keys." The guard, supplied always from the queen's household troops, then turns out and escorts "keys" to the outer gate called the "spur," each sentry challenging as they pass his post "Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are securely locked and barred the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. When they come in front of the main guard-house the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria?" to which the main guard responds "Amen." The guard then presents arms, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, and the keys are deposited in the lieutenant's lodging. After this all ingress or egress is impossible. It sometimes happens that strangers visiting the pile do not get out before the time comes for locking up. In that event they may have to sleep—or keep awake—on benches in the guard-room.

Imagination and Pain.

[Youth's Companion.]

It is a fact that strong mental emotion may cause physical pain to disappear. A gentleman had five of his ribs broken by a railroad accident. Yet he disentangled himself from the crushed car and lifted out his wife, a heavy woman. Not until he had laid her on the side of the road did he feel the pain which caused him to realize that he had been injured.

A little boy, whose leg was badly broken by the same accident, crept through a broken window. Not until he tried to walk, did he find that he could not stand, for his leg was "limp like a doll's."

It is also true that a mental emotion may cause physical pain. The following incident illustrates this fact:

One morning a butcher was brought into a druggist's, pale from pain. While trying to hook up a heavy piece of meat above his head, he slipped, and the sharp hook penetrated his arm, so that he himself was suspended.

The druggist examined him. He was almost pulseless, and his arm could not be moved without causing acute agony. While the sleeve of his jacket was being cut off, he frequently cried out.

When the arm was exposed, it was found unmarked by even a scratch. The hook had only entered the sleeve of the jacket!

Yet the man's sensation of pain was as real as if the hook had ripped up the flesh of his arm. The brain had received a false but a real impression, and the nerves responded to it by producing pain.

Patents of Nobility.

[London World.]

It is as easy to buy a patent of nobility as an old master—the peerage, if anything, being cheaper than the O. M., and most likely much more genuine. The pope has countships and dukedoms galore for good Catholics willing to pay for them; and there is no power on earth to prevent a potentate who arrogates the presidency of the European royal family and has never recognized any other lord in Rome than himself, to refrain from creating dukes of Disaccia in the persons of aspiring diplomatists, or counts of Coulonges out of Parisian linen-drapers. There is a Yankee dentist in a certain city who is marquis and knight, until the heads of the common people grow giddy at the sight of his signature in full. It requires, however, small provocation for the sovereigns who decreed Stalz, the tailor, a baron, and another London artist of the same description a Portuguese viscount, to exercise their recognized functions, especially if the wheels within the wheels are properly greased. There is, indeed, a book published, entitled "L'Art de se Decorer," in which the mystery is frankly explained and the secret of gaining all the cheaper orders and titles taught for the sum of £5.

Searching for Silver.

[Cor. Boston Transcript.]

A young English gentleman at Newport tells me that when a child he was taken by his father to hear Coleridge, "the silver-tongued orator." His oratory had no effect upon the child, who heard not a word he said, so eager was he to get a glimpse of his tongue, which he believed to be silver, and he returned greatly disappointed, having failed to discover the metallic member. This reminds me of my own very literal childhood, one example of which I give you: Overhearing that a playmate of mine was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, I made a hunt for it, which resulted in a serious quarrel between us, the other child resenting the search, and I returned home indignant at the imposition upon me, declaring vehemently that she had nothing but a tongue and horrid teeth that bit when I looked for the silver spoon, which was not there.

PERFECTLY CONTENT TO DIE.

A Brooklyn Man is Shown Some Real Country Butter, Recalling Happy Days.

[Chicago News.]

"I would like to look at some butter," said a smooth-voiced man, as he sank upon an inverted tub in a Vesey street provision store. The cheery-faced proprietor inserted a knife into an open firkin and handed it to the customer, remarking: "Orange county, sir; fine grade."

"Delicious!" said the smooth-voiced man. "Orange county! I seem to smell the sweet clover and see the waving grass gently kissed by the summer zephyrs, while the lowing kine call to the rosy-cheeked maid to draw their milk. Ah, there's poetry in the thought of Orange county butter."

"Yes, and money, too; 38 cents a pound and rising. Could I sell you half a dozen tubs to-day, sir?"

"Oh, I would like to look at some other variety. You have other brands, I suppose?" said the smooth-voiced man.

"Oh, yes," said the man of butter, as he uncovered several grades; "creamery, western, Philadelphia roll—"

"Excuse me," said the smooth-voiced man; "did I understand Philadelphia? Ah, how that thrills me! I see the pretty young Quakeress in her modest garb, as she deftly wields the dasher, her sleeves rolled above the dimpled elbow, as she stands at the window where the fragrance of apple blossoms is borne on the air and the sunlit face of nature smiles a benizon upon her as she resolves the yielding fluid into the productive substance. Sweet, sweet thoughts!"

"Yes, and sweet, sweet price, too," said the butter man, somewhat severely. "Sixty cents, when it ought to be 30. And there's Echo farm, Jersey——"

"I beg your pardon, Jersey. Oh—h!" said the smooth-voiced man, as a look of long-lost happiness dawned within his eyes; "let me look upon Jersey butter once again. Visions of boyhood's happy home, of hot buckwheat cakes and golden syrup, of cream-flaked biscuits with the little pot of butter melting into its warm folds, of wind-tossed chestnuts and the golden-haired girl companion of that autumn day. The low-roofed farm house, the honest farmer, the equally honest but sometimes reckless watch dog"——and the smooth-voiced man absently extended a hand beneath his coat tails, "Happy, happy days!"

"Say," said the butter man, whose face had somewhat lost its cheery look, "is there anything in this store that you want to buy?"

"Not to-day," said the smooth-voiced man, hesitatingly; "you see I board in Brooklyn."

"Well, what has that got to do with my Jersey butter?"

"I have boarded in Brooklyn for nineteen years," said the smooth-voiced man, "and I thought I would like to look at some butter—real butter—again before I died. You have kindly gratified an old man's wish. I have had a good look at all your butter, and I will go now," and he slipped softly over the oleomargarine floor into the passing procession of the street, leaving a look of pain upon the face of the man of butter.

Old Methods of Lighting.

[London Society.]

Young and even middle-aged people, accustomed to the convenience of the modern lucifer match, can hardly imagine the time when the tinder-box, with its clumsy flint and steel and broad brimstone matches, was the only means of procuring a light. Some people were more skillful than others in striking a light and blowing the spark and match to a flame; but often on a wintry morning it was weary work with the servant who had to kindle the first fire if the tinder happened to be damp or worn out, or the flint and steel "in a temper." Indeed, in many houses a rushlight was in some bed-room or other always burnt, so that in case of sudden illness, or any disaster, there might be light ready. The rushlight having, as its name implies, a rush wick, was about fifteen inches long, and was burnt in a huge perforated shade; it was the "farthing rushlight" which very poor people were said to use for other purposes than a night-light. The picture of a half-starved seamstress in her garret would, in those days, have been very incomplete without the thin rush candle; but its flame was so feeble that I can hardly fancy any eyes could have served to thread a needle by it.

The Romance of Gas-Tar.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Prof. Fischer, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human stomach, can not be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas-tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful di-infectants, and even prussic acid, are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.

Goldsmith's Neglected Tomb.

[New York Herald.]

There is a lonely court close to Fleet street where the body of another poet lies forlorn and forgotten. No railing protects Goldsmith's tombstone—no barrier keeps it sacred from the indifferent clerks and busy lawyers who hurry over the mouldering graves around it. Dr. Ingleby would be doing right good service now if he would agitate for the disinterment of "poor Noll's" bones. They have lain where they are too long already for the credit of the millions whom his works have delighted. It is time they were better sheltered from the weather, and what fitter shelter could there be for them than the roof of Westminster Abbey?

Chinese Medical Treatment.

[Shanghai Cor. Globe-Democrat.]

The most absurd superstitions are held in regard to sickness and disease. It is always attributed to the evil spirits floating in the air, and when a member of a family is attacked with illness they send for the priests. These sacred individuals come attended by a full band of music, that is to say, a huge gong, several drums, and an instrument like a Scotch bagpipe. No more hideous or unearthly noise can be imagined. The priest kneels before a square table holding lighted candles and burning incense, and reads innumerable prayers placed on a sort of easel, in large red characters. At the end of each one he prostrates himself to the earth, and the instruments break out into a most discordant clamor while he remains there.

A woman in a village just outside the gates of our compound has never been well since her removal into a new house. Of course, the only reason they can think of is that the evil spirits took possession before they did. Last week the priests were sent for, and they have been keeping it up ever since, night and day. The wonder to us is when they eat or sleep, for there has been not the slightest cessation of hostilities. When ill they pinch themselves around the neck till it has the appearance of being burned or scalded at regular intervals. Another habit is to take a copper cash, a rough coin about the value of 1-10 of a cent, and scratch a cross on the back till the blood flows. Even the most learned have not the slightest idea of the mechanism of the human body, for it is against the law and punishable by death to dissect a corpse. It is amusing to see their cuts representing the internal system, for they resemble that of a sheep or goat quite as much as our own beautifully formed and regulated bodies. No wonder that the marvelous cures effected by the foreign physician seem little less than miracles.

A Strange Interruption.

[Chicago Herald.]

The Primitive Baptist camp-meeting at Silver Creek, Ga., had a strange interruption. A matronly woman began to scream and cry in a violent manner during prayer time. The preacher thought it was a case of spiritual anxiety, and put on more religious fervor, which had a magnetic effect on the prayerful worshipers and caused them to do likewise. This stimulated the matronly woman to renewed exertions and increased noise. Presently she declared that she was not praying, but that she was mad about her daughter. A young man had been paying attention to her daughter, and the mother had told the girl to have nothing to do with him. In order to make sure of this the old lady had held the girl by the arm while engaged in prayer. Very silently and slyly the young man came and knelt by the girl. The old lady, who was devoutly praying, did not see him, nor did she see the other man that knelt with him. Nor did she at first know that the whispered words which fell from the lips of the three, constituted the marriage service. It was when she found out that her daughter had thus been married on the sly that she began to scream. For awhile she was uncontrollable. But at last she yielded to wise counsel, and decided to make the best of what she considered a bad bargain. The brethren present thought the wedding one of the most extraordinary ever known in camp-meeting history.

A Wicked Joke.

[New York Dispatch.]

Charley Willard was a practical joker; he was what the many victimized darkies called "a ba—ad man." One day Charley hired a darkey to let him nail him up in a packing case, and he instructed the thus imprisoned African that at a certain time he should groan dismally. Then the joker called a dray and said to the driver:

"Here, Jack, take this box to the depot. I don't like the looks of that box around here. I wonder who left it here."

The box was placed upon the dray, and the careless drayman mounted upon it and started for the station. He had driven about half the length of Bay street when a hollow groan of deep agony came up from the box beneath him. The driver was not quite certain that he rightly caught the direction of the noise, but he lightened up on the box, the perspiration oozed out upon his forehead, and the furze upon his hands rose up in creeping horror at the sound.

"What dat?" he softly asked himself, and his voice squeaked and wabbled as he spoke.

"Umrh-h-ah-oh-ee-umrh-h-ah!" came from the box, and the captive floundered in his cage.

There was a yell of awful terror—a big negro man leaped high in the air from the dray and landed full fifteen feet away, and with a huge, white, distorted eye out over each shoulder he fled down the street praying and snorting as he ran:

"Oh, Lordy! O, my Heavenly Father! Be with me, I pray! Oo, wah-ah-ah! De debill like to catch me! My Lord in glory! save your sufferin' child!"

He stopped at last, but it took half an hour to get the thing explained, and the coon in the box inquired very particularly as to whether the drayman was near at hand before he would consent to being released.

Mussulman Funerals.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

As soon as the grave is filled up each friend plants a sprig of cypress, one on the right and another on the left of the deceased. If those on the right grow the deceased will live forever, enjoy the delights and bliss promised to all true followers of Mohammed. If those on the left, he would forever be excluded from enjoying bliss in the arms of the ravishing Houris, whose eyes are big as the tea saucers, and forms as of Parian marble. If both grew he would be greatly favored in the next world; if neither, he would be haunted by black angels until Mohammed interfered.

Inter Ocean: Fashionable young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effect of a bang on his forehead.

THE COLORADO SAND DUNES.

The Tragic Story of Their Origin Sixty-Seven Years Ago—The Herders' Horrible Fate.

[M. D. Mix in Buffalo Courier.]

How and when the dunes had been named was the subject of our conversation; but presently the conversation slackened until we were each occupied with our own thoughts and silently admiring the beautiful sight of the Sangre de Chrisso range which lay before us, with the snow-tipped Mount Blanca, the noblest and highest peak of the Rockies, as the central figure. The sun had sunk behind the San Juan mountains in the west, and the grand and imposing picture that lay before us was gradually fading from our view. We were getting a fresh breeze from the snow-covered mountains, the evening had become cool and I got up to place some logs on our fire, which was getting low. Scarcely had I done so when I heard light footsteps and the snapping of dry twigs. From out of a dense growth of willows toward the river came a man, a Spaniard. I welcomed him in Spanish, and invited him to draw near our fire and be seated. He introduced himself as Francis Gonzales. I told him that our curiosity had been greatly excited at the magnitude of the sand hills in the San Luis. He remained silent for a moment, gazing into the fire, but looking up suddenly, he said: "Senor, if it would please you, I can relate to you how the famous sand dunes of the San Luis valley really came into existence. There are undoubtedly many who can tell you this tale, but there is no one living who would be more apt to know the truth in regard to it than myself, for it was my grandfather who started the foundation of the largest one in the range with part of his herd of sheep and several of his herders." I assured him we were never too tired to listen, and begged him to proceed.

"It is now ten years if not more," he said, "since I last repeated what I am to tell you to-night, and although it may seem almost incredible to you, it is nevertheless true. What I am to repeat to you was told to me by my father, and has been told by me to my children. It was in the year 1816 that my grandfather, El Senor Don Louis Gonzalez, returned to his home in Mexico, where he had enormous herds of cattle and sheep, from an exploring tour north. He had penetrated into this part of Colorado, and had traveled over the San Luis valley. Feed was here in such abundance that my grandfather returned to his home fully determined to brave the Indians, and send a small portion of his herders to this valley. He therefore selected 3,500 sheep from his herd, picked out five of his most trusty herders and sent them out upon their journey. It was in the spring time that they arrived at their destination. They immediately set to work building cabins to live in and corrals for the sheep. A month had passed away and the sheep were thriving wonderfully and nothing occurred to give warning of their approaching doom. On June 25 one herder, Martenitez by name, proposed to see what kind of country lay on the other side of the mountains. After three days spent in wandering he started to return to his companions. He pursued his way, with no foreboding of the horrible fate that had overtaken those left behind, and at last arrived at the mouth of the pass.

"He looked, and where he should have seen the newly-erected cabins and the herd peacefully grazing, he saw only an immense mountain of sand. He was dumbfounded, and could not believe at first but that it was some hideous nightmare, or else that he had lost his way, and that his companions, with the sheep, were off in some other direction. After going a short distance further and seeing many familiar landmarks, he at last came to realize what had happened, and that where now stood only a large hill of sand was where his house had been for the past month. He started immediately to find his brother herders, but after searching for them for two days he gave them up at last. A storm had risen during his absence and buried the 3,500 sheep, his four companions and their houses and corrals beneath fifty feet of sand. That was the beginning of the famous sand dunes of Colorado. The herder who had escaped the fate of his companions then set out to carry the news to my grandfather, and after encountering many hardships he at last arrived at the hacienda and related to his master all that he knew. Search was made for the bodies of the Mexicans who perished there, but before the laborers could succeed in getting ten feet below the surface the excavation made would completely fill with the loose sand, and the undertaking was abandoned." After Senor Gonzalez finished his tale we all rolled ourselves up in our blankets and passed off into dreamland. The next morning after breakfast our guest got up his horse and, after extending a very cordial invitation to make him a visit, departed for his own camp.

Give the Fair Sex a Chance.

[Laramie Boomerang.]

Jackson, Jefferson, Franklin and all the other old worthies will be retained on stamps of different denominations. It is curious that the post-office officials have never conceived the idea of utilizing the likeness of some of the fair citizens of the republic in this way. Why, for instance, should not a certain proportion of the 2-cent stamps be given to Martha Washington? Why exclude Mrs. Franklin from all participation in the postal honors of her illustrious husband? Then, there is Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has raised the banner of woman suffrage in every state in the Union. Why not put her charming countenance on one of the postoffice stamp issues?

Of Uncertain Meaning.

[Peck's Sun.]

A New York paper speaks of the drowning of "the head varnisher in a piano factory." We are willing to wear our head bald, because it is the style, but if it has become fashionable to have heads varnished, that settles it. Not any head varnish on the old man's.

They Knew the Cards.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"About the sharpest bit of gambling that I have seen for some time occurred up at our town a short while ago," said a Lexington sport last night to a little crowd of congenial companions.

"You all know Ernest Fouchee. I guess every sport in Kentucky knows Ernest. He is the last man in the world to be picked up for a sucker. Well, a short time ago Ernest went to Chicago to lay in a supply of cards and chips for his poker-room. He went to one of the big card houses and bought his goods. He gave directions where to send them and left. That evening he steered straight for home. He had hardly left the card-store when two men came in and asked if Mr. Fouchee's package had been sent. The clerk replied that it had not, and they said that Mr. Fouchee had changed his mind about sending it, and as they were going to Lexington they would take charge of the cards. They asked what the bill was and paid it. Of course the clerk had no idea of any job, and as the men paid for the cards he let them off. The two men took the cards around to their rooms and marked them, or put marked cards in their places. They then took the package down to the express office and left word there to have the goods sent to Lexington. They then got on board the first train and started for the bluegrass capital. The sports of Lexington were surprised and dazzled by the way the strangers spent their money. None of the poker-players made their bets half so recklessly, and none of the faro-players piled their chips up so carelessly. In two days they got rid of about $1,000. One Friday night the Chicago cards came, and Fouchee gathered a little party in his room to try the new stock. Luck ran toward the strangers, and as the night began to wane the piles of money in front of them grew steadily. At length at 10 o'clock Saturday morning Ernest rose from the table. He had lost everything, and as the strangers counted over their winnings they found themselves $6,000 ahead. Fouchee doesn't keep a poker-room now."

The Midget Sheep.

[St. Nicholas.]

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it can not have much wool, and for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl indeed—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feeling of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or a harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

Snuff of the Amazonian Mandrucans.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Mandrucans make their snuff from a kind of pod-like plant called niopo. They pick these pods when ripe, and, cutting them into small pieces, fling them into a pot of water until they are macerated and the pods turn black. They are then picked out and pounded fine, then rolled into little cakes and mixed with juice of the abuta, some manioc flour, and lime made from a burnt shell. The cakes are then dried over a slow fire. The operation of taking the snuff is as strange as the manufacture of it. When the Mandrucan feels like taking a pinch of snuff he scrapes off a spoonful from his cake and spreads it all over a saucer with the bristles of the great ant-eater. He goes deliberately to work, hurrying about nothing. When he has got the powder soft enough he brings out a couple of quills of the harpy eagle or the shank-bones of a bird like the plover, which are tied together, and, inhaling in each nostril, gets a good snuff. The effect is like a shock from a galvanic battery; his body is all of a tremble, his eyeballs start out as if they would burst from their sockets, his knees sink outward, and he falls to the ground as if in a fit of intoxication. It lasts, however, only for a moment, then he feels tip-top, and jumps about and cavorts like a madman. He is brave, and wants to fight, and is full of exhilarating feelings and savage joy.

A New Growing City.

[Inter Ocean.]

New Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, has a population of 4,000. Situated on an arm of Puget sound, it possesses a magnificent harbor four miles in width, which is too deep, however, for vessels to anchor in. Town lots sell at fabulous prices, ranging from $40,000 downward. Mount Ranier, plainly discernible sixty-five miles to the southeast, towers to the height of 14,400 feet, and is crowned by perpetual snows, which the foot of man has never trod.

But His Neighbor.

Mr. Spurgeon, being asked whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band, replied: "Yes, I think he might; but it would be a very difficult matter for his next-door neighbor to be a Christian."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 21, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

☞ A VISIT ☜

This time of the year to Whitmer & Co's CENTRAL SUPPLY, or "THE FAIR," at Spring Mills, is the correct thing. It will both please and pay you.

G. R. S. & Co., WHITMER & Co.
Spring Mills

D. GARMAN & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Dealers in White Goods,
Notions,
Gents Furnishing Goods.
Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 P.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon.....	7.05	9.40	1.50	6.00	7.55
Lewisburg, ar..	1.15	9.55	2.00	6.10	8.05
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25	10.05	2.15		
Fair Ground...	7.30	10.13	2.20		
Biehl.....	7.40	10.27	2.30		
Vicksburg.....	7.45	10.36	2.36		
Mifflinburg.....	8.00ar.	11.00	2.50		
Mifflinburg, lv	8.80		1e3.00		
Milmont.....	8.22		3.28		
Laurelton.....	8.33		3.40		
Coburn.....	9.48		5.00		
Spring Mills,ar	10.15		ar.5.30		

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6 P.M.	8 P.M.	10
Spring Mills		5.50		1.50	
Coburn.....		6.18		2.20	
Laurelton.....		7.30		3.40	
Milmont.....		7.40		3,52	
Mifflinburg,ar.		8.00	A.M.	4.15	
Mifflinburg,lv.		8.00	11.45	4.15	
			P.M.		
Vicksburg...		8.15	12.10	4.32	
Biehl.....		8.20	12.17	4.38	
Fair Ground		8.30	12.33	4.48	
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35	12.40	4.55	P.M.
Lewisburg,lv. 6.35		8.45	12.50	5.10	7.30
Montandon ar.6.45		ar.9.00	ar.1.05	ar.5.20	ar.7.40

LOCAL ITEMS.

Muslin at a sacrifice at Garmans. *

——The cold was intense enough last week to freeze the ponds, we observed half dozen skaters on the mill-dam at Spring Mills.

Pharus Fetterolf, of near Troxelville, killed a two hundred pound bear at the foot of Jack's mountain week before last.

Mrs. John Hosterman, aged 63, of Selinsgrove, fell dead from heart disease on 3d instant, while seated in a chair conversing with a neighbor.

——Gov. Curtin is in Washington and will not return until after the organization of congress.

——We noticed the other day that Judge Larimer was able to be out again, and are pleased to know that he feels he is improving.

——The engineer's estimate to complete our road from Spring Mills to Lemont, for preparing roadbed, bridging, rails, ties, and stations, is $130,000. From Bellefonte to Lemont, nine miles grading and complete for running trains, $230,000.

Fancy dress goods at 8c at Garmans. *

——The appointment of Adam Hoy to a judgeship is new feather for the next catalogue of Penn'a College.

——The Lewisburg Nat. Bank has been caught to the amount of ten thousand dollars though the failure of Peter Baldy, of Danville.

——Henry Miller, formerly of Millheim, has charge of the new foundry at Laurelton.

Avoid the harsh, irritating, griping compounds so often sold as purging medicines, and correct the irregularities of the bowels by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which are mild and gentle, yet thorough and searching in their action.

——Judge Orvis has formed a law-partnership with J. Frank Snyder, of Clearfield, for the practice of law in Clearfield county. Mr. Snyder is a young lawyer of talent. Judge Orvis will keep a law office in Bellefonte.

——The Pennsvalley bargain store, of Dinges & Rearick, has all new dry-goods and clothing, and can sell you anything you need in that line cheaper than the cheapest. In groceries they keep a complete assortment, all fresh and pure goods.

——Boots and shoes for all ages and sexes, the largest, best and finest stock, at Doll & Mingles, in the Brockerhoff house block. Call there and see their goods before purchasing elsewhere.

——The finest line of boots and shoes, at Doll & Mingle's. No cheat about any article—all genuine goods and prices below all others.

Mr. Jos. Kreider, 977 N. 6th street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion with gratifying results.

——One of the fastest roadsters in this county, is a light bay, owned by Mrs. G. W. Runk, of Spring Mills, and can make time in a manner, and with a willingness, to leave behind any of our brag nags we have seen thus far. We had the pleasure of driving over the road between this and Spring Mills, thro' the kindness of Mr. Runk, and we greatly mistake if we did not make better time than on the L. & T. railroad. This horse besides being finely built and spirited, is perfectly safe, and we suppose no price would induce Mrs. Runk to part with so excellent an animal.

Druggist Murray reports a rapidly growing demand for M'Donald's Liver Pills and celebrated Worm Powders.

— The question has been put to us whether it is right to kiss a young lady on the eve of her departure. We do not know whether it is or not, but we do say that if you do kiss her and afterwards marry her and go to housekeeping and then purchrse all your sechlers at Groceries, we'd say its all right. (Our ink is a little thick which makes us get words mixed a little.)

TRENTON IN DANGER OF LOOSING AN ABLE MINISTER.

The Trenton, (N. J.,) "Daily Gazette," of 13, says: Rev. Mr. Harpster, pastor of the Christ Lutheran Church, and formerly missionary to India, is being urged by the Lutheran Board of Foreign Missions to return to that country. The reverend gentleman lived seven years in India, learned the language and preached the Gospel in their own tongue to the natives. He endeared himself to hundreds of them, and he is in receipt now and then of little missives from them, written in their own language, begging him to come back to them. The vacancy he created by coming here has never been quite filled, and the Foreign Board are extremely anxious that he shall return to his labors there. He favors the idea himself, but is holding the matter in abeyance.

NOTICE.

The third Quarterly Meeting of the Pennsvalley circuit, M. E. Church, will be held at Centre Hall on Saturday and Sunday next. Quarterly conference on Saturday 3 p. m., preaching at 7½ p. m. Love feast Sunday morning at 9, preaching at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m.

The Lord willing, the basement of the Evangelical church, in Centre Hall, will be dedicated on Sunday, Dec. 2. Rev. B. Hengst, of Millheim, will officiate. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

G. W. CURRIN, Pastor.

——The Women's Missionary Society, of the Centre Hall Lutheran church, held their first public exercises on Sunday night. There was fine music and addresses by Rev. Fischer and Mr. Derstine, and Rev. Foster of the Presbyterian church. The officials of the society, Miss F. Neff, Miss B. Derstine, Miss L. Harpster and Miss J. Atherton, read reports of the society's doings, which showed it in a flourishing condition.

—Col. Josiah Neff, of Centre Hill, is seriously ill. Mr. Wm. J. Thompson, of Potter's Mills, had a paralytic stroke, a short time ago, and is slowly recovering.

—Weather has moderated again with indications for rain.

The secret of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is owing to the fact that it is the very best iron preparation made. By a thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood it reaches every part of the body, giving health, strength and endurance to every portion. Thus beginning at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health. It does not contain whiskey or alcohol. It will not blacken the teeth. It does not constipate or cause headache. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, etc.

——Mr. John Wolf, of near Potters Mills, reports a turnip weighing 13½ lbs. That's a whopper, and deserves of rooster.

Thousands of persons who formerly suffered with rheumatism owe their present good health to Smith's German Olio.

—— Cook Condo has purchased the hotel at Rebersburg for $2,000 and moves into it this week. The former landlord, Jack Roush, takes the Stitzer stand in the Narrows.

——Jonathan Kreamer, of Millheim, is still confined to his bed with very little signs of improvement, and at times suffers severely. He has the sympathy of the entire community.

Rev. J. C. Zehring, Codorus, Pa., says: I was paralized in right side. The use of Brown's Iron Bitters enabled me to walk without cane or crutch.

The Christmas number of "Harper's Magazine" promises to bring together the most remarkable gathering of authors and artists ever grooped under one (paper) roof. The former include among others, George William Curtis, John G. Whittier, Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie), E. P. Roe, William Black, W. D. Howells, Geo. H. Boughton, Austin Dobson, Charles Reade, Edward Everett Hale and Charles Dudley Warner; while among the artists are E. A. Abbey, James C. Beard, George H. Boughton, F. Church, Frederic Dielman, Alfred Fredericks, A. B. Frost, W. Hamilton Gibson, Alfred Parsons, Howard Pyle, C. S. Reinhart, W. L. Sheppard and Jessie Curtis Shepherd. There will also be illustrations from paintings by G. F. Watts, R. A., and from unpublished sketches by Thackeray, Frederick Walker and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The number will include four plate-paper pages in addition to the usual size of magazine.

Hosiery and gloves at Garmans, *

Taking the lead.—Dr. Kissler's Celebrated English cough syrup at Druggist Murray's.

DR. KESSLER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH COUGH MEDICINE.

The reliable and never failing standby in croup and whooping cough unequaled as a remedy in colds and all lung troubles. Do not waste time and money and endanger precious lives experimenting with worthless medicines, but get the best at once.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

McDonald's improved liver pills are indorsed by eminent physicians and used by them in their daily practice. Trial package free.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

For smallness of dose, easiness to take and effectiveness as a worm destroyer McDonald's celebrated worm powders surpass any vermifuge on earth. Entirely vegetable.

Money refunded to all dissatisfied purchasers.

Dr. Kessler's cough medicine, McDonald's improved liver pills and celebrated worm powders are sold and warranted by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall, and all druggists and dealers in medicines.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia, agents.

CROCKERY.—Millheim Crockery ware—crocks, flower pots, vases, etc., are constantly kept on hand by John S. Auman, at Farmers Mills. Manufactured by M. Ulrick, Jr. oct11tf

Black dress-goods at Garmans. *

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

Mapr6f

At the meeting of the B. E. V. board in Philadelphia, on Wednesday last, a resolution was passed that the company guarantee the payment of principal and interest on bonds for the construction of the branch from Bellefonte to Lemont, and that they proceed to build same immediately upon receiving notice from the Penn'a R. R. Company that the work of extending the road from Spring Mills to Lemont has been ordered.

Mr. Roberts, President of the Penn'a Co., is a member of the B. E. V. board, and was present at the above meeting, and upon the passage of the above resolution he promised to have the board of the Penn'a R. R. at their meeting on Wednesday, 21, to pass a concurrent resolution, i. e., ordering the work for the extension of the road from Spring Mills, to go on immediately.

This brings the thing to a point.

SPRING MILLS NEIGHBORHOOD.

The people are all delighted with the new iron bridge. Dr. Frank has removed to Rebersburg. This place sustains a great loss. The Doctor had built up a nice practice and was liked by all—wish him success at his new place. We are in great need of another physician in this place as the territory is too large for one man to attend to. Sausage making is the go now. John Bibby, Geo. Korman & Co. were out hunting the other week and brought home four large deer. Rev. Jas. Wilson, D. D., was home on a visit to his father. He still thinks there is no place like the home of his youth. The building of the Granger's hall seems to be a slow business—what's wrong? Live beaves are bringing four cents; dressed pork seven cts. per lb.

We defy competition—Garmans. *

At Prospect park, New York, on 15, Frank, a bay gelding, trotted a mile in 2 8½, the fastest time yet made.

Our prices are the lowest—Garmans. *

MADISONBURG SHOTS.

On Saturday eve a party of about ten gentlemen and ladies made their way to the residence of T. F. Moyer, it being the anniversary of his birthday. All enjoyed themselves hugely, and about 9 p. m. the hostess gave the invitation for supper—the table was ladened with a full supply of those things which do the inner man much good. Communion services were held in Yearick's M. E. church on Sabbath last. A larger number partook of the same than there has been for several years past. A large amount of soft corn is the result of the early frost. The fodder also was badly injured. The wheat looks well in this neighborhood. The lovers of pumpkin pies are in their glory. A black bear weighing 300 pounds was killed by Ph. Caris, last week, in Little Sugarvalley. An up-town lady says the latest thing out is her husband. We think the latest thing out is Wm. Noll mooving his blacksmith shop up town. A Madisonburg father is reported to have entered the parlor at midnight and found that his daughter's young man had not yet taken his departure. Eh! there, young man, he shouted, why don't you adjourn; you needn't think yourself the Pennsylvania Legislature. Rev. Zimmerman will deliver his farewell sermon in the Union Hall, on Sabbath next. X.

Hosiery and underwear, for men, women and children, at the Beehive. 2

Curtain loops at Garmans.

JURORS—NOV. COURT.

GRAND JURORS, 4th Monday.—Boggs, C Curtin, J A Crider, G W Fleck.....Gregg, W Heckman, John Hosaman, J W Evens, F Hartman.....Huston, J P Turner, J Henderson.....Patton, P A Sellers, G W F Gray.....Potter, E Hosterman, J H Runkle, Peter Breon.....Miles, E S Shafer.....Worth. Jas. Morrison, G F Jones.....Millheim, W S Musser.....Bellefonte, W Harper.....Howard, E Hecklan.....Union, J. C Peters.....Harris, S F Ishler.....Rush, W F Cullen.....Walker, S Homan.

TRAVERSE JURORS, 1st week.—Rush, J B Blowers, J Dumbleton.....Penn, D E Gentzel, Harry Kling.....Walker, W Webner, J Garbrick, John Delany.....Haines, H O Bower. J S Homan, J W Runkle.....Harris, Henry Swab, W D Keller Ferguson, S Dunlap, Al Hoy, John Bailey.....Liberty, D Confer.....Howard, J R Leathers, J Leathers.....Huston, F Craig.....Unionville, W Vanvalin.....Bellefonte, E T Tuten, D Haines, J E M'Cartney, H H Montgomery, G T Gerberick.....Spring, Sh. Lyon, Wm. Bilger.....Gregg, Jacob M'Cool, G B Crawford, J B Heckman.....Union, G Sheesly, J Z Long.....Philipsburg, J Peightol, W Wilson, W Davis.....Snowshoe, W Lowman.....Miles, D Harter.....Boggs, F Harvey.....Worth, J Woodring.....College, G S Keller, W Patterson.....Potter, M Shires, W J Thompson, W W Henny.....Millheim, H Brown.....Benner, J Henderson.....Patton, T B Waddle.....Halfmoon, T Way.

JURORS, 2d week.—Boggs, G W Leyman, H Heaton, T Watson, J A Whitehill.....Philipsburg, W G Heimach, C R Custard, J B Childs.....Walker, H Bartholmew, S Martin, R Long.....Bellefonte, C H Heisler, J Schofield, J Fox, C Strickland.....Millheim, S G Gntebius.....College, W Grow, Wes Tresler, R Foster.....Potter, M L Emerick, J M Gilliland.....Haines, H J Crouse.....Benner, W H Glose.....Union, J B Alexander.....Burnside, W Zimmerman.....Miles, J R Wolf, J Hazel, Jr., J Snavely.....Taylor, G Capenhaver, S Nearhoof.....Liberey, D Kline, M Bechdol.....Milesburg, J C P Jones.....Union, J C Steer.....Ferguson, J Fortney Rush, H M'Conn.

12c muslin for 9c at Garmans. 3

THE SUN.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past 13 months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same trip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY, 50 cents a month; $6 a year; with Sunday edition, $7.

SUNDAY.—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, especially articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary views of new books of the highest merit. $1 a year.

WEEKLY.—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of great value, special market reports, and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10 an extra copy free. Address, I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,

14nov6t THE SUN, N. Y. City.

Cotton flanels from 6c to 18 cts. at Garmans. *

Dress goods, an immense stock, at panic prices, at the Beehive. 2

ANXIOUS TO SERVE.

The Nation as Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Ben Butler Goes to Washington and Says Cox will be the Man—All Parties Very Confident—The Result Doubtful.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Gen. Butler thinks Mr. Cox ought to be elected speaker. He visited Mr. Cox's headquarters at Willard's, and his all pervading presence made Mr. Cox's canvass seem like a very tangible thing, a feature it has not heretofore noticeably possessed; for, despite Mr. Cox's earnestness and that of Gen. Slocum, Congressman Hill and two or three others, there has been a feeling that there has been more of desire than of expectation in his canvass. But Gen. Butler, who seems to know everything, is reported as saying that Mr. Cox's candidacy is favored by democrats, and that it is as promising as that of any one else. Mr. Carlisle thinks that Mr. Cox will get a very handsome vote on the first ballot, but that as balloting goes on Mr. Cox's friends will leave him. Mr. Carlisle expects to get a fair proportion of Mr. Cox's vote. On the other hand Mr. Randall's friends here say that the bulk of Mr. Cox's vote will go to Mr. Randall. This parcelling out of his strength by the other candidates does not please Mr. Cox, and he intimates that it will be found that if there is any parcelling out of votes his will have the benefit thereof. He has been a very busy man. His mail is heavy and his friends seem to be many. His parlors at Willard's are thronged, and when he is not in them he may be seen dashing about town in a coupe hunting up recent arrivals. Mr. Cox gives no figures but his friends say that he will surprise the caucus by having not less than sixty on the first ballot. As Mr. Carlisle's friends claim ninety at least on the same ballot, it will be seen that Cox and Carlisle together leave Mr. Randall only forty votes on that same ballot. On the other hand, those who have made very careful estimates say that Mr. Randall will have over eighty votes on the first ballot and in the second enough to elect.

The fact is that the canvass has not developed enough to justify any positive assertions. The impression of the republican politicians who are here is that Mr. Randall's election is assured. Mr. Randall has not yet arrived, and may not be here until Monday. Mr. Springer arrives tonight, and will at once begin a canvass. He will start with the vote of Illinois, but has candidacy is not likely to make any serious inroads into the strength of the other candidates. The canvass has begun on temperance principles. A speakership canvass used to be a glorious opportunity for him that had no money to buy drinks. Both Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cox have blanished the sideboard, and Mr. Randall never had any in his canvasses. Mr. Carlisle, in addition the rooms at the up town hotel, has taken parlors at the Metropolitan, down town, where Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Phil. Thompson will receive their friends. Mr. Randall may conduct his canvass from the Ebbitt, though he will also probably have his old rooms at the National.

The Fasting Horse Thief's Escape.

BELVIDERE, N. J., Nov. 17.—Peter Smull, the fasting horse thief, has proven what has long been suspected, viz: that he was shamming and laying his plans for an escape, and these he carried into effect on the close of the thirty eighth day of his alleged fast. The jailer's daughter was acting as turnkey. A convicted thief named Price, of Phillipsburg, was allowed to go into Smull's cell to fill his lamp. Another thief, James Carling, of Phillipsburg, was already in the cell, ostensibly to keep Smull company. After talking awhile they said they would retire. Miss Bowers, the turnkey, arose and was seized by the men, thrust back into the cell and the door closed on her. The three men ran rapidly out of the cell and along the corridor through several doors which were unlocked and escaped. Smull's fellow prisoners say he ate all he desired.

Suspected of Smuggling.

HAVANA, Nov. 13.—According to advices from Caibarien, the American brigantine Clarabelle, Capt. Charles E. Brascom, went to sea without having been cleared at the custom house, and without giving any notice to the consignees at that port. The reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that proceedings had been begun against the vessel by the custom house authorities, who had imposed a fine of $400 on the captain for having delivered two barrels of flour less than the manifest and bill of lading called for, and who were investigating the question whether an alleged error in reducing the weight of 500 barrels into kilograms was really an error or the result of an intention to smuggle. The Clarabelle having brought her cargo from New York, it is surmised that she is now on her return to that port.

The Madison Capitol Crash.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 14.—Investigation into the cause of the state capitol crash by expert architects and builders from Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Paul, has resulted in finding serious defects in the iron work which sustained the roof of the south extension. This report of the experts will tend to exculpate the architects and contractors, as there is nothing defective in their plans. Their testimony before the coroner's jury will put a new phase on the direful catastrophe.

Diphtheria from Bad Water.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 13.—Quite a panic has been caused in the Fifteenth ward of this city by the prevailence of diphtheria. Five members of the family of Elijah Smith have been seized with the epidemic, and two of them are reported dying. The neighbors will not venture into the house but pass their victuals into them through the window. Many other cases are reported, and the causes is said to be the bad water taken from a local well.

The Trial of James Nutt.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 15.—Major A. M. Brown, of this city, has been retained to assist in the defence of young James Nutt, who shot and killed Dukes, the slayer of his father, at Uniontown, Pa., some time ago. The defense are obtaining as witnesses the former schoolmates and teachers of young Nutt. This evidence may prove that Nutt was never sound of mind and therefore is not responsible.

Fatal Explosion in a Mine.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 13.—The gas coming in contact with a naked light upon a miner's hand at the West End mine at Coalmont, caused a terrible explosion. Michael Barcoski was instantly burned to death, John Eskolus and John Keller were also burned. The latter two cannot live but a few hours.

Fatal Quarrel at a Foot Race.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 15.—At a foot race at Lee driving park William Surtees, of Pittston, and Alfred Jones, of Nanticoke, had a dispute that led to blows. Surtees drew his revolver and shot Jones, the bullet entering the body near the heart. Jones was removed from the track in a dying condition. Surtees was arrested.

PARTIES that have grain to sell should be sure to sell to or call on the undersigned who will always pay the best market price, at Spring Mills and Coburn. 11oct6m I. J. GRENOBLE.

Flanel and muslin at the lowest price, at Garmans.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common pleas of Centre county and to me directed will be exposed at public sale, at the Court-house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Saturday, the 24th day of November, A. D., 1883, the following property to wit:

No. 1.

All that certain lot or piece of ground situated in Howard township, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north and east by lands of Adam Boyer, on the south by the Bald Eagle creek and on the west by land of Solomon Tice, containing eight acres more or less, about all cleared and under cultivation; good orchard, &c. Thereon erected a small one story frame house, &c. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John M. Kline.

No. 2.

ALSO—All that building located on a lot or piece of ground, part of a tract of land situated in Harrisonville, Spring township, Centre county, bounded on the east by the old pike, and west by Mrs. Swarm and north by Abraham Stewart, containing ¼ acre more less; it is a 2-story frame building, twenty-four feet 2 front and sixteen feet 2 back. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Robert Schlottman, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 3.

ALSO—All that certain building located on a lot of ground situated in the village of Spring Mills, Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., lying south of the Tyrone & Lewisburg R. R., beginning at a corner of the right of way of the railroad thence along an alley on the east side of Mrs. Erhards, lot 208 feet to the railroad, thence along the same 80 feet to place of beginning. The house for which the lumber was furnished is a 2-story plank frame building, 20x32 feet, situated on above described lot. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William B. Krape, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 4.

ALSO—All the said building locate d on a lot or piece of ground, part of a tract or land situated in the village of Lemont, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the northwest by the Boalsburg turnpike road and adjoining lots or land of Moses Thompson. It is a 2-story plank frame house, 18x30 feet with a back building 12x14 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John H. Meese, owner or reputed owner and contractor.

No. 5.

ALSO—All that messuage tenement and tract of land situated in Union township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a post corner of lands of the heirs of George D. Ingram, dec'd, thence by lands late of Joseph Underwood, dec'd, south 37° east 46 perches to a post, by land surveyed in the name of Robert Hall north 32° east 120 perches to a post, thence north 56° west 5 perches to a dog-wood, thence by same course 27 perches to a post, thence by lands of J. C. Peters south 67° west 28 perches to a white oak, thence north 38° west 31 perches to a post by land of Wilson south 50½° west 76 perches to a post the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres, more or less, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Stere.

No. 6.

ALSO—All that certain lot of ground situated in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described to wit: South 82½° west 165 feet to a post at an alley, south 7½° east 50 feet to a post at public road, north along public road 7½° west 50 feet to a post corner of John Behm's lot and public road to the place of beginning, bounded on the north by lot of John Behm, west alley, east by public road, being part of the same messuage tenement and piece of land which Richard Conley, High Sheriff of Centre county, by his deed roll dated and acknowledged the third day of December, 1866, granted and conveyed to Rebecca Finkle. Thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Kersteter.

No. 7.

All the defendant's right, title and interest in and to all those certain eight tracts of land situated in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit:

No. 1.

A tract of unseated land beginning at a pine, thence by land of P. Hosterman north 68° east 224 perches to a pine, thence by land of John Hosterman south 40° east 235 perches to stones, thence by land of John Brady south 6° west 286 perches to a pine, thence by land of Hosterman and Holsworth north 15° west 288 perches to the beginning. Containing four hundred and five acres one hundred and forty-one perches and allowance.

No. 2.

ALSO—A tract of unseated land beginning at a stone, thence along land formerly owned by Samuel Martin, south forty-three and one-fourth degrees east one hundred and sixty-nine perches to a chestnut oak, thence south ten degrees west 75 perches to stones by fallen white oak, thence along land of John Brady north 78° east 190 p. to stones thence along land of heirs of Simon Gratz north 13° west 250 perches to pitch pine, thence by mountain south seventy-seven degrees west three hundred and eighteen perches to chestnut, thence south 62½° west 102½ perches to stones, thence by land of Andrew Kohrman's heirs, south 22° east 25¼ perches to stones, thence by land of Samuel Martin north 71° east 168 perches to the beginning. Containing three hundred and twenty-seven acres and twelve perches and allowance.

No. 3.

A tract of improved land beginning at a post, thence by land of John Martin north seventeen and one-half degrees west one hundred and thirty-nine and three-tenth perches to a post, thence by land of Peter Hosterman north 72° east 78 perches to a post and stones at fallen tree, thence by same south forty-four degrees east one hundred and sixty perches to a chestnut oak, thence by land of John Geistwite and J. G. Erhard south seventy-five degrees west one hundred and fifty-three perches to the beginning. Containing eighty acres and 53 perches and allowance.

This tract is subject to the payment of two hundred dollars as dower at the death of Mary Martin, widow of Samuel Martin, with annual interest at six per cent during the natural life of said Mary Martin.

No. 4.

A tract of unimproved land beginning at a yellow pine, thence along land formerly owned by Rote and Harper north 17° west 88 perches to a stone, thence by land of Simon Rote north 70° east 67¾ perches to a stone, thence by land of John Geistwite and Henry Shalter south seventeen degrees east sixty perches to a stone and south nineteen degrees east eighty-two perches to a stone, thence by land of Samuel Haupt south seventy degrees west sixty-eight and seven-tenths perches to the beginning. Containing thirty-seven acres and seventy-two perches.

No. 5.

A tract of improved land beginning at a spruce thence along land of Andrew Kohrman's heirs south 70¾° west 154 perches to a small hickory, thence along land of John Dutweiler and others south 19¾° degrees east 231 perches to stones, thence along the mountain north sixty-seven and ¾ degrees east one hundred and fifty-three perches to a pitch pine, thence along land of J. G. Meyer and others north nineteen and one-half degrees west two hundred and twenty-four perches to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred and five acres and 117 perches and allowance.

No. 6.

A tract of unseated land which was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant granted to Samuel Haupt jr., and James M. Hunter, dated December 3, 1854, bounded on the south by lands of George Fowler, on the east by lands of J. G. Meyer and others, on the north by lands of J. G. Meyer & Co. Containing two hundred and twenty-nine acres and twenty-eight perches and allowance.

No. 7.

A tract of unseated land which was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant granted to J. G. Meyer and others, dated ——, bounded on the south by Brady's survey, east by Margaret Irvin, north by Simon Gratz, Hosterman and Holsworth, west by Samuel Haupt and James M. Hunter and George Fowler tract, containing one hundred and forty-two acres and thirty-one perches and allowance.

No. 8.

A tract of land partly improved, bounded as follows: Beginning at a spruce on side of road, thence by land of Daniel Wolfe south 59° east 42 and three-tenths perches to a white pine, thence by the same tract of Daniel Wolf north 77¾° east 34 and nine-tenths perches to a post, thence by lands of Daniel S. Boyer & Co. south 17° east 86¾ p. to a stone, thence by land of D. S. Boyer & Co. North seventy degrees east sixty-seven and five-tenths perches to stones, thence by land of D. S. Boyer & Co. north seventeen degrees west one hundred and thirty-two perches to beginning, containing forty acres. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of D. S. Boyer.

No. 8.

All those two tracts or pieces of land lying and being in Potter township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded as follows, to wit:

One thereof bounded north by lands of Jacob Wagner, west by lands of Samuel Spangler's heirs, south by Tussy mountain and on the east by lands of Jos. McClellan, containing 95 acres more or less. Thereon erected a dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings.

The other thereof being a tract of land in the mountain in warrantee name of Adam Stear, containing 81 acres more or less. Being the same land which Simon P. Ruble and James C. Ruble, Exrs. of Peter Ruble, dec'd, by their deed dated the 13th day of September, 1879, conveyed to Eliza Musser, and Eliza Musser and William Musser, her husband, by deed dated April 1, 1882, conveyed the same to W. H. Ruble, seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Ruble.

TERMS CASH.—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 5, 1883.

The trial of Nutt for killing Dukes comes up the first week of next month.

Horse blankets, bound and strapped, only 75 cents at the Beehive. 2

Fancy goods at Garmans. *

Furrobes, horse blankets, lap-robes, immense stock just received at the Beehive. 2

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1883.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Corn	Nov.	48¼	—58½a59½
Wheat	"	96¾	—1.08
Oats	"	29	—37½a38
Pork	"	11.75	
Lard	"	7.65	
Petroleum		1.16¼.	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Grain—Wheat, 1 00; Rye, 60; Oats, 35. Corn, old 60, new 50 by L. L. Brown.

Produce—Butter 25, eggs 30, ham 16, shoulders 14, sides 12½, lard 12½, potatoes 50—by Valentines' Store.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 20 to 25 cts. per lb; eggs, 30 to 33 cts. per doz; potatoes, 50c, chickens, 50 to 60 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 75 cts. per gal; corn, 55 cts. per bu; oats, 40 cts. per bu; beans, 15 to 20 cts. per peck; peaches, 25 to 50 cts. per pk; cabbage, 8 to 10 per head apples, 20 to 25c per peck; turnips, 15c per peck; celery, 5 cents per stalk.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red and mix	$1 00
White & Mixed	1 00
Rye	60
Corn, shelled, and ears old	60
Oats	25
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 25c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 28 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3. 25; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.75.

Gents fancy bows, about 50 varieties at Garmans.

Black silk lace and gimps at Garmans

Ladies', children's, and misses' shoes, large stock and low prices, at the Beehive. 2

MARRIED

DIED.

On 7, near Rebersburg, John Luther Franklin, son of Thomas R. and Lucinda Keen, aged 1 year, 3 months, 28 days.

On Nov. 16, at Millheim, Mrs. Julia Ann, wife of Mr. J. R. Bear, aged 53 years, 8 months, 11 days.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. J. Bartges, dec'd, of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request that all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. H. REIFFSNYDER, Adm'r,
21nov6t Millheim, Pa.

MADISONBURG PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale his valuable homestead at Madisonburg, consisting of one LOT, thereon erected a two-story dwelling HOUSE, summerhouse, carpenter shop, woodshed, and a good stable and other outbuildings. Everything is in first class order, and any one desiring a fine home in town should call and see this property.

7nov2m SAMUEL ZEIGLER.

Bee Hive Stores.

THEY MUST FAIL!

WHAT OUR COMPETITORS SAY.

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell Linen Table Spreads at 50 cents,
If we have to pay 75c. for the same in large quantities?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $1½
When we have to pay $2 for them at wholesale?

Afford to sell White Blankets for $3
When we have to pay $3½ for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell White Blankets for $6
When we have to pay $7 for them at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Afford to sell School bags at 5c.
When we have to pay 15c. at wholesale?

HOW CAN THE BEE HIVE
Sell woolen socks for 20c.
When we have to pay 30c. at wholesale?